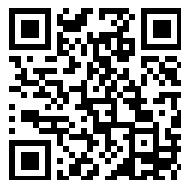

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THE POEMS
OF
ROBERT HENRYSON

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III

THE POEMS
OF
ROBERT HENRYSON

EDITED BY
G. GREGORY SMITH

VOL. III.
(TEXT—VOL. II.)

Printed for the Society by
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EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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FACSIMILE.

TITLE-PAGE OF CHARTERIS'S EDINBURGH EDITION	
OF <i>THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID</i> (1593) <i>to face page</i>	2

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS volume completes the texts of The Poems of Robert Henryson.

The first table, on pp. x, xi, shows the MS. and printed sources from which the texts have been drawn; the second, on p. xv, is offered as a guide to the parallel study of the versions which vary in length or differ in the arrangement of the lines or stanzas; and the third, on p. xix, collects the evidence supplied by the texts on the question of Henryson's authorship.

The Editor is glad of the opportunity of thanking Mr George Stevenson again for his aid in the preparation of this edition, and especially for his kindness in transcribing and collating the texts.

The Editor desires to add his thanks to Professor Bülbring of Bonn for the use of the transcript of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which was made when the Asloan MS. was deposited in the British Museum. Unfortunately, a collation cannot now be obtained; but the transcript may be accepted with confidence. In one or two places the liberty has been taken of bringing the transcriber's treatment of contracted endings (*e.g.*, ß) into closer conformity with Middle Scots usage.

11th August 1908.

I.

TABLE OF THE TEXTS IN
VOLUME III.

I.—TABLE OF THE

MSS.

TITLES.	MACCULLOCH (Univ. of Edin.)	GRAY (Advocates' Lib.)	ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT.	BANNATYNE DRAFT (Advocates' Lib.)
<i>THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.</i>
<i>ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE</i>	B. pp. 27-65 (right) (578 lines).	...
<i>ROBENE AND MAKYNE .</i>
<i>THE BLUDY SERK . .</i>
<i>THE GARMONT OF GUD LADEIS.</i>
<i>THE PRAIS OF AIGE . .</i>	A. pp. 106-107 (32 lines).	C. pp. 108-109 (32 lines).
<i>THE RESSONING BETWIX AIGE AND 3OWTH.</i>	A. pp. 114-115 (40 lines).	B. pp. 115-117 (72 lines).
<i>OBEY AND THANK THY GOD OF ALL [or THE ABBAY WALK.]</i>	A. pp. 126-127 (56 lines).
<i>THE RESSONING BETWIX DETH AND MAN.</i>	A. pp. 134-136 (48 lines).
<i>AGANIS HAISTY CRED- ENCE OF TITLARIS.</i>
<i>THE ANNUNCIATION . .</i>	...	pp. 146-148 (72 lines).
<i>SUM PRACTYSIS OF MEDE- CYNE.</i>
<i>THE THRE DEID POLLIS</i>
<i>ANE PRAYER FOR THE PEST.</i>	A. pp. 162-165 (88 lines).
<i>THE WANT OF WYSE MEN</i>

TEXTS IN VOLUME III.

MSS.		PRINTED TEXTS.		
BANNATYNE (Advocates' Lib.)	MAITLAND FOLIO (Pepysian Lib., Magdalene Coll., Cambridge).	CHEPMAN & MYLLAR (Advocates' Lib.)	TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.	
			CHARTERIS (British Museum).	THYNNE (British Museum).
...	pp. 3-24 (616 lines).	Appendix, pp. 175-198 (606 lines).
C. pp. 66-87 (633 lines).	...	A. pp. 26-64 (left) (461 lines).
pp. 90-94 (128 lines).
pp. 96-100 (120 lines).
pp. 102-103 (40 lines).
D. pp. 110-111 (32 lines).	...	B. pp. 107-108 (32 lines).
C. pp. 118-120 (72 lines).	D. pp. 121-123 (71 lines).
B. pp. 128-129 (56 lines).	C. pp. 130-131 (56 lines).
B. pp. 136-138 (48 lines).
A. pp. 140-142 (56 lines).	B. pp. 142-144 (56 lines).
...
pp. 150-153 (90 lines).
A. pp. 156-158 (64 lines).	B. pp. 158-160 (64 lines).
B. pp. 165-168 (88 lines).
B. pp. 172-174 (72 lines).	...	A. pp. 170-171 (56 lines).

II.

COMPARATIVE TABLES OF THE
TEXTS IN VOLUME III. WHICH
VARY IN LENGTH OR DIFFER
IN THE ORDER OF THE LINES

II. — COMPARATIVE TABLES OF THE TEXTS IN
VOLUME III. WHICH VARY IN LENGTH OR
DIFFER IN THE ORDER OF THE LINES.

	CHAR- TERIS.	THYNNE (Appendix).		
<i>THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.</i>	1-432 433-437 438-443 444 445 446-447 448-452 453 454-468 469 470-616	1-432 433-438 439 440-444 445-459 <i>(456 in Charteris being 451 in Thynne)</i> 460-606
<i>Total number of lines</i>	616	606		
	A.	B.	C.	D.
<i>ORPHEUS AND EURY- DICE.</i>	1-58 59-297 <i>Moralitas.</i> 298-391 392-423 424-443 444-461	1-58 59-175 176-414 <i>Moralitas.</i> 415-508 509-540 541-560 561-578	1-58 59-175 176-414 <i>Moralitas.</i> 415-508 509-514 515-546 547-550 551-570 571-615 616-633 <i>(587* omitted)</i>	...
<i>Total number of lines</i>	461	461 + 117 = 578	461 + 117 + 55 = 633	

II.—COMPARATIVE TABLES OF THE TEXTS—*Continued.*

	A.	B.	C.	D.
<i>THE RESSONING BE- TWIN AIGE AND 3OWTH.</i>	1-24	1-24	1-24	1-24
	25-32	33-40	25-32	25-32
	33-40	25-32	33-40	48-55
		41-48	41-48	56-63
		49-56	49-56	33-39 (5th line omitted)
		57-64	57-64	40-47
		63-72	65-72	64-71
<i>Total number of lines</i>	40	40 + 32 = 72	40 + 32 = 72	40 + 31 = 71
<i>AGANIS HAISTY CRE- DENCE OF TIT- LARIS.</i>	1-16	1-16
	17-24	25-32		
	25-32	17-24		
	33-36	33-56		
<i>Total number of lines</i>	56	56		
<i>WANT OF WYSE MEN.</i>	1-24	1-24
	25-32	33-40		
	33-40	25-32		
	41-48	41-48		
	49-56	49-64		
		65-72		
<i>Total number of lines</i>	56	56 + 16 = 72		

III.

TABLE OF TEXTUAL ASCRIPTION OF THE POEMS IN VOLUME III.

III.—TABLE OF TEXTUAL ASCRIPTION OF THE POEMS IN VOLUME III.

(n. a. = no author named.)

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.	Charteris's Title-page (<i>see Facsimile facing page 2</i>).
ORPHEUS AND EURY- DICE.	A. n. a. B. n. a. C. 'quod m̄r. R. H.' (p. 87).
ROBENE AND MAK- YNE.	'quod: m̄r robert henrysone' (p. 94).
THE BLUDY SERK	'quod m̄r R. Henrici' (p. 100).
THE GARMONT OF GUD LADEIS.	'quod m̄r rot henrysoun' (p. 103).
THE PRAIS OF AIGE	A. n. a. B. n. a. C. 'quod m̄r R. Henrisone' (p. 109). D. 'quod henderson' (p. 111).
THE RESSONING BE- TWIX AIGE AND 3OWTH.	A. n. a. B. 'quod m̄r robert henrysone' (p. 117). C. 'quod m̄r Robert henderson' (p. 120). D. n. a.
OBEY AND THANK THY GOD OF ALL [or THE ABBAY WALK.]	A. n. a. B. 'quod m̄r rot henrysone' (p. 129). C. 'authore incerto' (p. 131).
THE RESSONING BE- TWIX DETH AND MAN.	A. n. a. B. 'quod henderson' (p. 138).
AGANIS HAISTY CRE- DENCE OF TIT- LARIS.	A. 'quod m̄r Robert Henderson' (p. 142). B. 'Quod Mr Robt henryson' (p. 144).
THE ANNUNCIATION	'quod R. Henrisoun' (p. 148).
SUM PRACTYSIS OF MEDECYNE.	'quod m̄r rot henrysone' (p. 153).
THE THRE DEID POLLIS.	A. 'quod patrik Iohnistoun' (p. 158). B. 'quod Mr Robert Henrysoun' (p. 160).
ANE PRAYER FOR THE PEST.	A. n. a. B. 'quod Henrysone,' <i>in later hand</i> (p. 168).
THE WANT OF WYSE MEN.	A. n. a. B. n. a.

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

G. 525

The Testament of
CRESSEID,

F. 1 b.

THE
TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

ANE doolie sessoun to ane cairfull dyte-
 Suld correspond, and be equialent.
 Richt sa it wes quhen I began to wryte
 This tragedie; the wedder richt feruent,
 Quhen Aries, in middis of the Lent, 5
 Schouris of Haill can fra the North descend,
 That scantlie fra the cauld I nicht defend.

¶ Zit,¹ neuertheles, within myne Oratur
 I stude, quhen Titan had his bemis bricht
 Withdrawin doun, and sylit vnder cure, 10
 And fair Venus, the bewtie of the nicht,
 Uprais, and set unto the west full richt
 Hir golden face, in oppositioun
 Of God Phebus, direct descending doun.

¶ Throw out the glas hir bemis brast sa fair 15
 That I nicht se on euerie syde me by
 The Northin wind had purifyit the Air,
 And sched the mistie cloudis fra the sky;
 The froist freisit, the blastis bitterly
 Fra Pole Artick come quhisling loud and schill, 20
 And causit me remufe aganis my will.

¹ *Orig.* 'Zit.' The typographic 'z' (initial) of the original is printed '3' throughout.

CHARTERIS]

¶ For I traistit that Venus, luifis Quene, 22
 To quhome sum tyme I hecht obedience,
 My faidit hart of lufe scho wald mak grene ;
 And therupon, with humbill reuerence, 25
 I thoct to pray hir hie Magnificence ;
 Bot for greit cald as than I lattit was,
 And in my Chalmer to the fyre can pas.

F. 2 a. ¶ Thocht lufe be hait, 3it in ane man of age
 It kendillis nocht sa sone as in 3outhheid, 30
 Of quhome the blude is flowing in ane rage,
 And in the auld the curage doif and deid,
 Of quhilk the fire outward is best remeid :
 To help be Phisike quhair that nature faillit,
 I am expert—for baith I haue assailit. 35

¶ I mend the fyre, and beikit me about,
 Than tuik ane drink my spreitis to comfort,
 And armit me weill fra the cauld thairout :
 To cut the winter nicht, and mak it schort,
 I tuik ane Quair, and left all vther sport, 40
 Written be worthie Chaucer glorious,
 Of fair Creisseid and worthie Troylus.

¶ And thair I fand, efter that Diomeid
 Ressaut had that Lady bricht of hew,
 How Troilus neir out of wit abraid, 45
 And weipit soir, with visage pail of hew ;
 For quhilk wanhope his teiris can renew,
 Quhill Esperus reioisit him agane :
 Thus quhyle in Ioy he leuit, quhile in pane.

[CHARTERIS

¶ Of hir behest he had greit comforting, 50
 Traisting to Troy that scho suld mak retour,
 Quhilk he desyrit maist of eirdly thing,
 For quhy scho was his only Paramour ;
 Bot quhen he saw passit baith day and hour
 Of hir ganecome, than sorrow can oppres 55
 His wofull hart in cair and heuines.

¶ Of his distres me neidis nocht reheirs, 7
 For worthie Chauceir, in the samin buik,
 In gudelie termis, and in Ioly veirs,
 Compylit hes his cairis, quha will luik. 60
 To brek my sleip ane vther quair I tuik,
 F. 2 b. In quhilk I fand the fatall destenie
 Of fair Cresseid, that endit wretchitlie.

¶ Quha wait gif all þat Chauceir wrait was trew? 65
 Nor I wait nocht gif this narratioun
 Be authoreist, or fenzeit of the new,
 Be sum Poeit, throw his Inuentioun
 Maid to report the Lamentatioun
 And wofull end of this lustie Creisseid,
 And quhat distres scho thoillit, and quhat deid. 70

¶ Quhen Diomed had all his appetyte,
 And mair, fulfillit of this fair Ladie,
 Upon ane vther he set his haill delyte, 75
 And send to hir ane Lybell of repudie,
 And hir excludit fra his companie.
 Than desolait scho walkit vp and doun,
 And, sum men sayis, into the Court commoun.

CHARTERIS]

¶ O, fair Creisseid ! the flour and A per se *ſ*
 Of Troy and Grece, how was thow fortunait !
 To change in filth all thy feminitie, 80
 And be with fleschelic lust sa maculait,
 And go amang the Greikis air and lait,
 So giglotlike, takand thy foull plesance !
 I haue pietie thow suld fall sic mischance.

¶ 3it, neuertheles, quhat euer men deme or say 85
 In scornfull langage of thy brukkilnes,
 I sall excuse, als far furth as I may,
 Thy womanheid, thy wisdome, and fairnes :
 The quhi[l]k Fortoun hes put to sic distres
 As hir pleisit, and nathing throw the gilt 90
 Of the, throw wickit langage to be spilt.

This fair Lady, in this wyse destitute
 Of all comfort and consolatioun,
 Richt priuelie, but fellowschip, on fute
 F. 3 a. Disagysit passit far out of the toun 95
 Ane myle or twa, vnto ane Mansioun,
 Beildit full gay, quhair hir Father Calchas
 Quhilk than amang the Greikis dwelland was.

Quhen he hir saw, the caus he can Inquyre
 Of hir cumming ; scho said, siching full soir, 100
 ‘Fra Diomeid had gottin his desyre
 He wox werie, and wald of me no moir.’
 Quod Calchas, ‘douchter, weip thow not thairfoir ;
 Peraenture all cummis for the best :
 Welcum to me, thow art full deir ane Gest.’ 105

[CHARTERIS

¶ This auld Calchas, efter the Law was tho, ¹⁰⁶
 Wes keiper of the Tempill, as ane Preist,
 In quhilk Venus and hir Sone Cupido
 War honourit, and his Chalmer was thame neist,
 To quhilk Cresseid with baill aneuch in breist 110
 Usit to pas, hir prayeris for to say; ¹
 Quhill at the last, vpon ane Solempne day,

¶ As custome was, the pepill far and neir, ³
 Befoir the none, vnto the Tempill went
 With Sacrifice, deuoit in thair maneir. 115
 Bot still Cresseid, heuie in hir Intent, ¹¹
 Into the Kirk wald not hir self present, ¹⁷
 For giuing of the pepill ony deming
 Of hir expuls fra Diomeid the King;

¶ Bot past into ane secreit Orature 120
 Quhair scho micht weip hir wofull desteny.
 Behind hir bak scho cloisit fast the dure, ²
 And on hir kneis bair fell down in hy;
 Upon Uenus and Cupide angerly
 Scho cryit out, and said on this same wyse: 125
 'Allace! that euer I maid 3ou Sacrifice.'

F. 3 b. ¶ '3e gaue me anis ane deuine responsaill ¹
 That I suld be the flour of luif in Troy; ³
 Now am I maid ane vnworthie outwaill,
 And all in cair translatit is my Ioy. 130
 Quha sall me gyde? quha sall me now conuoy,
 Sen I fra Diomeid, and Nobill Troylus,
 Am clene excludit, as abiect odious?

CHARTERIS]

¶ 'O fals Cupide, is nane to wyte bot thow,
 And thy Mother, of lufe the blind Goddes ! 135
 3e causit me alwayis vnderstand and trow
 The seid of lufe was sawin in my face,
 And ay grew grene throw 3our supplie and grace.
 Bot now, allace, that seid with froist is slane,
 And I fra luifferis left, and all forlane.' 140

¶ Quhen this was said, doun in ane extasie,
 Rauischit in spreit, intill ane dreame scho fell,
 And be apperance hard, quhair scho did ly,
 Cupide the King ringand ane siluer bell,
 Quhilk men nicht heir fra heuin vnto hell ; 145
 At quhais sound befor Cupide appeiris
 The seuin Planetis, discending fra thair Spheiris, 7

¶ Quhilk hes power of all thing generabill
 To reull and steir be their greit Influence,
 Wedder and wind, and coursis variabill. 150
 And first of all, Saturne gaue his sentence,
 Quhilk gaue to Cupide litill reuerence,
 Bot, as ane busteous Churle on his maneir,
 Come crabitlie, with auster luik and cheir.

¶ His face frosnit, his lyre was lyke the Leid ; 155
 His teith chatterit and cheuerit with the Chin ;
 His Ene drowpit, how sonkin in his heid ; 7
 Out of his Nois the Meldrop fast can rin ;
 With lippis bla, and cheikis leine and thin ;
 The Ice-schoklis that fra his hair doun hang 160
 Was wonder greit, and as ane speir als lang.

F. 4 a.

[CHARTERIS

- ¶ Atouir his belt his lyart lokkis lay 162
 Felterit vnfair, ouirfret with Froistis hoir ;
 His garmound and his gyis ¹ full gay of gray ;
 His widderit weid fra him the wind out woir ; 165
 Ane busteous bow within his hand he boir ;
 Under his girdill ane flasche of felloun flanis, ¹
 Fedderit with Ice, and heidit with hailstanis.
- ¶ Than Iuppiter richt fair and amiabill,
 God of the Starnis in the Firmament, 170
 And Nureis to all thing generabill,
 Fra his Father Saturne far different, ²
 With burelie face, and browis bricht and brent,
 Upon his heid ane Garland, wonder gay, ²
 Of flouris fair, as it had bene in May. 175
- ¶ His voice was cleir ; as Cristall wer his Ene ; ⁶
 As goldin wyre sa glitterand was his hair ; ⁷
 His garmound and his gyis ¹ full [gay] of grene,
 With golden listis gilt on euerie gair ;
 Ane burelie brand about his middill bair ; 180
 In his right hand he had ane groundin speir,
 Of his Father the wraith fra vs to weir.
- ¶ Nixt efter him came Mars, the God of Ire, ³
 Of strife, debait, and all dissensioun,
 To chide and fecht, als feirs as ony fyre ; 185
 In hard Harnes, hewmound, and Habirgeoun ;
 And on his hanche ane roustie fell Fachiou ;
 And in his hand he had ane roustie sword ;
 Wrything his face with mony angrie word.

¹ Cf. p. 183.

CHARTERIS]

Schaikand his sword, befor Cupide he come 190
 With reid visage and grislie glowrand ene ;
 And at his mouth ane bullar stude of fome,
 Lyke to ane Bair quhetting his Tuskis kene,
 F. 4 b. Rich Tuitþeour lyke, but temperance in tene ;
 Ane horne he blew with mony bosteous brag, 195
 Quhilk all this warld with weir hes maid to wag.

¶ Than fair Phebus, Lanterne & Lamp of licht 197
 Of man and beist, baith frute and flourisching,
 Tender Nureis, and banischer of nicht,
 And of the warld causing be his mouing 200
 And Influence lyfe in all eirdlie thing,
 Without comfort of quhome, of force to nocht
 Must all ga die that in this warld is wrocht. 3

¶ As King Royall he raid vpon his Chair, 205
 The quhilk Phaeton gydit sum tyme vpricht ;
 The brichtnes of his face, quhen it was bair,
 Nane micht behald for peirsing of his sicht :
 This goldin Cart with fyrie bemis bricht
 Four yokkit steidis full different of hew,
 But bait or tyring, throw the Spheiris drew. 210

¶ The first was soyr, *with* Mane als reid as Rois,
 Callit Eoye into the Orient ; 212
 The second steid to Name hecht Ethios,
 Quhitlie and paill, and sum deill ascendent ;
 The thrid Peros, richt hait and richt feruent ; 215
 The feird was blak, [and] callit Phlegonie,¹
 Quhilk rollis Phebus down into the sey.

¹ *Orig.* 'blak callit Philologie.' Cf. p. 184.

[CHARTERIS

¶ Venus was thair present, that Goddes [gay], 21^f
 Hir Sonnis querrel for to defend, and mak
 Hir awin complaint, cled in ane nyce array, 220
 The ane half grene, the vther half Sabill black ; 1
 Quhyte hair as gold, kemmit and sched abak ; 2
 Bot in hir face semit greit variance, 3
 Quhyles perfyte treuth, and quhyles Inconstance.

¶ Under smyling scho was dissimulait, 225
 Prouocative with blenkis amorous, 6
 F. 5 a. And suddanely changit and alterait, 7
 Angrie as ony Serpent vennemous,
 Richt pungitiue with wordis odious :
 Thus variant scho was, quha list tak keip, 230
 With ane Eye lauch, and with the uther weip.

¶ In taikning that all fleschelic Paramour ?
 Quhilk Venus hes in reull and gouernance, 3
 Is sum tyme sweet, sum tyme bitter and sour,
 Richt vnstabill, and full of variance, 235
 Mingit with cairfull Ioy and fals plesance, 6
 Now hait, now cauld, now blyith, now full of wo, 7
 Now grene as leif, now widderit and ago. 3

¶ With buik in hand than come Mercurius, 9
 Richt Eloquent and full of Rethorie, 240
 With polite termis and delicious, 1
 With pen and Ink to report all reddie, 2
 Setting sangis and singand merilie ; 7
 His Hude was reid, heklit atouir his Croun,
 Lyke to ane Poeit of the auld fassoun. 245

CHARTERIS]

¶ Boxis he bair with fine Electuairis, *245*
 And sugerit Syropis for digestioun,
 Spycis belangand to the Pothecairis, *f*
 With mony hailsum sweit Confection, *5*
 Doctour in Phisick cled in ane Skarlot gown, *250*
 And furrit weill, as sic ane aucht to be, *1*
 Honest and gude, and not ane word culd lie. *2*

¶ Nixt efter him come Lady Cynthia, *3*
 The last of all, and swiftest in hir Spheir,
 Of colour blak, buskit with hornis twa, *255*
 And in the nicht scho listis best appeir;
 Haw as the Leid, of colour nathing cleir; *7*
 For all hir licht scho borrowis at hir brother
 Titan, for of hir self scho hes nane vther.

F. 5 b. Hir gyse was gray, and full of spottis blak; *260*
 And on hir breist ane Churle paintit full euin,
 Beirand ane bunche of Thornis on his bak,
 Quhilk for his thift nicht clim na nar the heuin. *3*
 Thus quhen thay gadderit war thir Goddes.seuin,
 Mercurius thay cheisit with ane assent *265*
 To be foirspeikar in the Parliament. *4*

¶ Quha had bene thair, and liken for to heir
 His facound toung and termis exquisite,
 Of Rhetorick the prettick he nicht leir,
 In breif Sermone ane pregnant sentence wryte: *270*
 Befoir Cupide veiling his Cap alyte,
 Speiris the caus of that vocatioun.
 And he anone schew his Intentioun.

[CHARTERIS

¶ 'Lo, (quod Cupide) quha will blaspheme þe name
 Of his awin God, outhir in word or ¹ deid, 275
 To all Goddis he dois baith lak and schame, ⁶
 And suld haue bitter panis to his meid : 7
 I say this by 3one wretchit Cresseid,
 The quhilk throw me was sum tyme flour of lufe,
 Me and my Mother starklie can reprufe ; 280

¶ 'Saying of hir greit Infelicitie '
 I was the caus, and my Mother Venus, ²
 Ane blind Goddes hir cald, that nicht not se, ³
 With sclander and defame Iniurious :
 Thus hir leuing vnclene and Lecherous 285
 Scho wald returne on me and my Mother, ⁶
 To quhome I schew my grace abone all vther. ⁷

¶ 'And sen 3e ar all seuin deificait,
 Participant of deuyne sapience,
 This greit Iniurie done to our hie estait 290
 Me think with pane we suld mak recompence ;
 Was neuer to Goddes done sic violence. ⁷
 As weill for 3ow, as for myself I say ; 7
 Thairfoir ga help to reuenge I 3ow pray.'

F. 6 a.

¶ Mercurius to Cupide gaue answeir 295
 And said, 'Schir King, my counsall is that 3e ⁶
 Refer 3ow to the hiest Planeit heir, 7
 And tak to him the lawest of degre, ⁸
 The pane of Cresseid for to modifie :
 As God Saturne, with him tak Cynthia.' 300
 'I am content (quod he) to tak thay twa.'

¹ *Orig.* 'in.'

CHARTERIS]

¶ Than thus proceedit Saturne and the Mone, 302
 Quhen thay the mater rypelie had degest, 4
 For the dispyte to Cupide scho had done, 6
 And to Uenus oppin and manifest, 305
 In all hir lyfe with pane to be opprest, 8
 And torment sair, with seiknes Incurabill, 7
 And to all louers be abhominabill. 8

¶ This duleful sentence Saturne tuik on hand, 9
 And passit doun quhair cairfull Cresseid lay, 310
 And on hir heid he laid ane frostie wand; 11
 Than lawfullie on this wyse can he say: 12
 'Thy greit fairnes, and all thy bewtie gay, 13
 Thy wantoun blude, and eik thy goldin Hair, 14
 Heir I exclude fra the for euermair. 315

¶ 'I change thy mirth into Melancholy, 16
 Quhilk is the mother of all pensiuenes; 7
 Thy Moisture and thy heit in cald and dry; 18
 Thyne Insolence, thy play and wantones
 To greit diseis; thy Pomp and thy riches 320
 In mortall neid; and greit penuritie 1
 Thow suffer sall; and as ane beggar die.' 2

¶ O cruell Saturne! fraward and angrie, 3
 Hard is thy dome, and to malitious: 4/
 On fair Cresseid quhy hes thow na mercie, 325
 F. 6 b. Quhilk was sa sweit, gentill, and amorous? 6
 Withdraw thy sentence, and be gracious 7
 As thow was neuer; so schawis thow thy deid, 8
 Ane wraikfull sentence geuin on fair Cresseid. 9

[CHARTERIS

- ¶ Than Cynthia, quhen Saturne past away, 330
 Out of hir sait descendit down belyue, 1
 And red ane bill on Cresseid quhair scho lay, 2
 Contening this sentence diffinityue : 3
 'Fra heit of bodie I the now depryue, 4
 And to thy seiknes sal be na recure, 335
 Bot in dolour thy dayis to Indure. 6
- ¶ 'Thy Cristall Ene minglit with blude I mak ; 7
 Thy voice sa cleir, vnplesand, hoir, and hace ; 8
 Thy lustie lyre ouirspred with spottis blak,
 And lumpis haw appeirand in thy face ; 340
 Quhair thow cummis, Ilk man sall fle the place ; /
 This sall thow go begging fra hous to hous, 2
 With Cop and Clapper lyke ane Lazarous.' 3
- ¶ This doolie dreame, this vglye visioun 4
 Brocht to ane end, Cresseid fra it awoik, 345
 And all that Court and conuocatioun 6
 Uanischit away ; than rais scho vp and tuik 7
 Ane poleist glas, and hir schaddow culd luik ; 8
 And quhen scho saw hir face sa deformait, 5
 Gif scho in hart was wa aneuch, God wait ! 350
- ¶ Weiping full sair, 'lo, quhat it is (quod sche) /
 With fraward langage for to mufe and steir 2
 Our craibit Goddis, and sa is sene on me ! 3
 My blaspheming now haue I bocht full deir ; 4
 All eirdlie Ioy and mirth I set areir. 355
 Allace, this day ! allace, this wofull tyde ! 6
 Quhen I began with my Goddis for to Chyde.' 7

CHARTERIS]

- ¶ Be this was said, ane Chyld come fra the hall, §
 F. 7 a. To warne Cresseid the Supper was reddy ; 6
 First knokkit at the dure, and syne culd call, 360
 'Madame, 3our Father biddis 3ou cum in hy, 1
 He hes merwell sa lang on grouf 3e ly, 2
 And sayis, 3our prayers bene to lang sum deill, 3
 The Goddis wait all 3our Intent full weill.' 4
- ¶ Quod scho, 'fair Chylde, ga to my Father deir 365
 And pray him cum to speik with me anone.' 6
 And sa he did, and said, 'douchter, quhat cheir?' 7
 'Allace (quod scho), Father, my mirth is gone.' 8
 'How sa? (quod he)' and scho can all expone, 9
 As I haue tauld, the vengeance and the wraik, 370
 For hir trepas, Cupide on hir culd tak. 1
- ¶ He luikit on hir vglye Lipper face, 2
 The quhilk befor was quhite as Lillie flour ; 3
 Wringand his handis, oftymes he said, allace, 4
 That he had leuit to se that wofull hour ; 375
 For he knew weill that thair was na succour 6
 To hir seiknes, and that dowblit his pane ; 7
 Thus was thair cair aneuch betuix thame twane. 8
- ¶ Quhen thay togidder murnit had full lang,
 Quod Cresseid, 'Father, I wald not be kend ; 380
 Thairfoir in secreit wyse 3e let me gang
 Wnto 3one Hospitall at the tounis end ; 2
 And thidder sum meit for Cheritie me send, 3
 To leif vpon ; for all mirth in this eird 4
 Is fra me gane—sic is my wickit weird.' 385

[CHARTERIS

- ¶ Than in ane Mantill and ane bawer Hat, 315
 With Cop and Clapper, wonder priuely ?
 He opnit ane secreit 3et, and out thair at
 Conuoyit hir, that na man suld espy, 4
 Wnto ane uillage half ane myle thairby ; 390
 Delyuerit hir in at the Spittaill hous, 1
 And daylie sent hir part of his Almous. 2
- F. 7 b. ¶ Sum knew hir weill, & sum had na knowlege 3
 Of hir, becaus scho was sa deformait 4
 With bylis blak ouirsprede in hir visage, 395
 And hir fair colour faidit and alterait. 6
 3it thay presumit, for hir hie regrait, 7
 And still murning, scho was of Nobill Kin : 8
 With better will thairfoir they tuik hir in. 9
- ¶ The day passit, and Phebus went to rest, 400
 The Cloudis blak ouirquhelmit all the sky : 1
 God wait gif Cresseid was ane sorrowfull Gest, 2
 Seeing that vncouth fair and Harbery ! 3
 But meit or drink scho dressit hir to ly 4
 In ane dark Corner of the Hous allone ; 405
 And on this wyse, weiping, scho maid her mone. 6

¶ THE COMPLAINT OF CRESSEID.

- ‘ O sop of sorrow, sonken into cair ! 1
 O Catue Creisseid ! for now and euer mair 2
 Gane is thy Ioy, and all thy mirth in Eird ;
 Of all blythnes now art thou blaiknit bair ; 410
 Thair is na Salue may saif the of thy sair. 11
 Fell is thy Fortoun, wickit is thy weird ; 12
 Thy blys is baneist, and thy baill on breird ; 13
 Under the Eirth God gif I grauin wer, 14
 Quhair nane of Grece nor 3it of Troy nicht heird. 415

CHARTERIS]

¶ 'Quhair is thy Chalmer wantounlie besene, 4
 With burely bed and bankouris browderit bene, 6
 Spycis and Wyne to thy Collatioun, 11
 The Cowpis all of gold and siluer schene, 19
 The sweit Meitis, seruit in plaittis clene, 420
 With Saipheron sals of ane gud sessoun, 21
 Thy gay garmentis with mony gudely Goun, 27
 F. 8 a. Thy plesand Lawn pinnit with goldin prene?
 All is areir, thy greit Royall Renoun. 30

¶ Quhair is thy garding with thir greissis gay, 425
 And fresche Flowris, quhilk the Quene Floray
 Had paintit plesandly in euerie pane, 3
 Quhair thou was wont full merilye in May
 To walk and tak the dew be it was day,
 And heir the Merle and Mawis mony ane, 430
 With Ladyis fair in Carrolling to gane, 1
 And se the Royall Rinkis in their array,
 In garmentis gay, garnischit on euerie grane? 2

¶ 'Thy greit triumphand fame and hie honour, 4
 Quhair thou was callit of Eirdlye wichtis Flour— 435
 All is decayit, thy weird is welterit so, 6
 Thy hie estait is turnit in darknes dour.
 This Lipper Ludge tak for thy burelie Bour, 1
 And for thy Bed tak now ane bunche of stro; 4
 For waillit Wyne and Meitis thou had tho, 440
 Tak mowlit Breid, Peirrie, and Ceder sour: 2
 Bot Cop and Clapper, now is all ago. 3

¶ 'My cleir voice and courtlie carrolling, 2
 Quhair I was wont with Ladyis for to sing, 4
 Is rawk as Ruik, full hiddeous, hoir, and hace; 445
 My plesand port, all vtheris precelling— 6
 Of lustines I was hald maist condng— 7

[CHARTERIS

Now is deformit the Figour of my face— f 448
 To luik on it na Leid now lyking hes : 4
 Sowpit in syte, I say with sair siching, 450
 Ludgeit amang the Lipper Leid, allace ! 1

¶ 'O Ladyis fair of Troy and Grece attend 1
 My miserie, quhilk nane may comprehend, 2
 My friuoll Fortoun, my Infelicitie, 3
 My greit mischief, quhilk na man can amend ; 455
 F. 8 b. Be war in tyme, approchis neir the end, 6
 And in 3our mynd ane mirrour mak of me ; 7
 As I am now, peraduenture that 3e, 8
 For all 3our micht, may cum to that same end, 9
 Or ellis war, gif ony war may be. 460

¶ 'Nocht is 3our fairnes bot ane faiding Flour, 1
 Nocht is 3our famous laud and hie honour 2
 Bot wind Inflat in vther mennis eiris ; 3
 3our roising reid to rotting sall retour. 4
 Exempill mak of me in 3our Memour, 465
 Quhilk of sic thingis wofull witnes beiris, 6
 All Welth in Eird away as Wind it weiris ; 7
 Be war, thairfoir, approchis neir the hour : 8
 Fortoun is fikkill, quhen scho beginnis & steiris.' 9

THUS chydand with her dreirie destenye, 470
 Weiping, scho woik the nicht fra end to end ;
 Bot all in vane ; hir dule, hir cairfull cry, 1
 Micht not remeid, nor 3it hir murning mend. 2
 Ane Lipper Lady rais, and till hir wend, 3
 And said, 'quhy spurnis thow aganis the Wall, 475
 To sla thyself, and mend nathing at all ? 6

CHARTERIS]

'Sen thy weiping dowbillis bot thy wo, 477
 I counsall the mak vertew of ane neid ; 7
 To¹ leir to clap thy Clapper to and fro, 6
 And leir efter the Law of Lipper Leid.' 480
 Thair was na buit, bot furth with thame scho 3eid, 1
 Fra place to place, quhill cauld and hounger sair >
 Compellit hir to be ane rank beggair.>

¶ That samin tyme of Troy the Garnisoun, ✓
 Quhilk had to Chiftane Worthie Troylus, (485
 Throw Ieopardie of Weir had strikken down (6
 Knichtis of Grece in number maruellous : >
 With greit tryumphe and Laude victorious }
 F. 9 a. Agane to Troy richt Royallie they raid, 5
 The way quhair Cresseid with the Lipper baid. 490

¶ Seing that companie, þai come all with ane steuin ; '
 Thay gaif ane cry, and schuik coppis gude speid ; 2
 Said, ' worthie Lordis, for goddis lufe of Heuin, }
 To vs Lipper part of 3our Almous deid.' 1
 Than to thair cry Nobill Troylus tuik heid, 495
 Hauing pietie, neir by the place can pas 2
 Quhair Cresseid sat, not witting quhat scho was. 2

¶ Than vpon him scho kest vp baith her Ene, f
 And with ane blenk it come into his thoct 5
 That he sumtime hir face befor had sene ; 500
 Bot scho was in sic plying he knew hir nocht ; 6
 3it than hir luik into his mynd it brocht 6
 The sweit visage and amorous blenking 6
 Of fair Cresseid, sumtyme his awin darling. 6

¹ See p. 193.

[CHARTERIS

- ¶ Na wonder was, suppois in mynd that he 505
 Tuik hir figure sa sone, and lo ! now quhy ?
 The Idole of ane thing in cace may be
 Sa deip Imprentit in the fantasy, 8
 That it deludis the wittis outwardly, 5
 And sa appeiris in forme and lyke estait 510
 Within the mynd as it was figurait. 11
- ¶ Ane spark of lufe than till his hart culd spring, 12
 And kendlit all his bodie in ane Fyre, 13
 With hait fewir ane sweit and trimbling 14
 Him tuik, quhill he was reddie to expyre ; 515
 To beir his Scheild his Breist began to tyre ; 16
 Within ane quhyle he changit mony hew, 17
 And, neuertheles, not ane ane vther knew. 18
- ¶ For knichtlie pietie and memoriall 19
 Of fair Cresseid, ane Gyrdill can he tak, 520
 F. 9 b. Ane Purs of gold, and mony gay Iowall, 1, 2
 And in the Skirt of Cresseid doun can swak : 2, 3
 Than raid away, and not ane word [he] spak, 2, 3
 Pensiwe in hart, quhill he come to the Toun, 2, 4
 And for greit cair oft syis almaist fell doun. 525
- ¶ The Lipper folk to Cresseid than can draw, 2, 6
 To se the equall distribution 2, 7
 Of the Almous ; bot quhen the gold thay saw, 2, 7
 Ilk ane to vther prewelie can roun, 2, 7
 And said, ' 3one Lord hes mair affectioun, 530
 How euer it be, vnto 3one Lazarous 2, 1
 Than to vs all ; we know be his Almous. 2, 1

¹ This line is repeated in the original.

CHARTERIS]

'Quhat Lord is 3one (quod scho), haue 3e na feill,
 Hes done to vs so greit humanitie?' 37
 '3es (quod a Lipper man), I knaw him weill; 535
 Schir Troylus it is, gentill and fre.' 38
 Quhen Cresseid vnderstude that it was he, 39
 Stiffer than steill thair stert ane bitter stound 40
 Throwout hir hart, and fell down to the ground. 41

¶ Quhen scho, ourcome with siching sair & sad, 540
 With mony cairfull cry and cald 'ochane! 42
 Now is my breist with stormie stoundis stad, 43
 Wrappit in wo, ane wretch full will of wane: 44
 Than swounit scho oft or scho culd refrane, 45
 And euer in hir swouning cryit scho thus: 545
 'O, fals Cresseid! and trew Knicht Troylus! 46

¶ 'Thy lufe, thy lawtie, and thy gentilnes, 47
 I countit small in my prosperitie, 48
 Sa eleuait I was in wantones, 49
 And clam vpon the fickill quheill sa hie; 550
 All Faith and Lufe, I promissit to the, 50
 Was in the self fickill and friuolous: 51
 O, fals Cresseid! and trew knicht Troilus! 52

'For lufe of me thow kept gude continence, 53
 F. 10 a. Honest and chaist in conuersatioun, 555
 Of all Wemen protectour and defence 54
 Thou was, and helpit thair opinioun: 55
 My mynd in fleschelic foull affectioun 56
 Was Inclynit to Lustis Lecherous: 57
 Fy, fals Cresseid! O, trew Knicht Troylus! 560

[CHARTERIS

¶ 'Lovers, be war, and tak gude heid about ⁶¹
 Quhome that 3e lufe, for quhome 3e suffer paine; ⁶²
 I lat 3ou wit, thair is richt few thairout ⁶³
 Quhome 3e may traist to haue trew lufe agane; ⁶⁴
 Preif quhen 3e will, 3our labour is in vaine; 565
 Thairfoir, I reid 3e tak thame as 3e find, ⁶⁵
 For thay ar sad as Widdercock in Wind, ⁶⁶

¶ 'Beclus I knaw the greit vnstabilnes, ⁶⁷
 Brukill as glas, into my self I say, ⁶⁸
 Traisting in vther als greit vnfaithfulnes, 570
 Als vnconstant, and als vtrew of fay; ⁶⁹
 Thocht sum be trew, I wait richt few are thay; ⁷⁰
 Quha findis treuth, lat him his Lady ruse; ⁷¹
 Nane but my self, as now, I will accuse.' ⁷²

¶ Quhen this was said, with Paper scho sat down, 575
 And on this maneir maid hir Testament: ⁷³
 'Heir I beteiche my Corps and Carioun ⁷⁴
 With Wormis and with Taidis to be rent; ⁷⁵
 My Cop and Clapper, and myne Ornament, ⁷⁶
 And all my gold, the Lipper folk sall haue, 580
 Quhen I am deid, to burie me in graue. ⁷⁷

¶ 'This Royall Ring, set with this Rubie reid, ⁷⁸
 Quhilk Troylus in drowrie to me send, ⁷⁹
 To him agane I leif it quhen I am deid, ⁸⁰
 To mak my cairfull deid wnto him kend: 585
 Thus I conclude schortlie, and mak ane end; ⁸¹
 My Spreit I leif to Diane, quhair scho dwellis, ⁸²
 To walk with hir in waist Woddis and Wellis. ⁸³

F. 10 b.

CHARTERIS]

¶ 'O Diomeid ! thou hes baith Broche and Belt, 89
 Quhilk Troylus gaue me in takning 590
 Of his trew lufe'—and with that word scho swelt ; /
 And sone ane Lipper man tuik of the Ring, 2—
 Syne buryit hir withouttin taryng : ?
 To Troylus furthwith the Ring he bair, ✓
 And of Cresseid the deith he can declair. ' 595

¶ Quhen he had hard hir greit infirmitie, °
 Hir Legacie and Lamentatioun, °
 And how scho endit in sic pouertie, /
 He swelt for wo, and fell doun in ane swoun ; °
 For greit sorrow his hart to brist was boun : 600
 Siching full sadlie, said, 'I can no moir ; °
 Scho was untrew, and wo is me thairfoir !' °

¶ Sum said he maid ane Tomb of Merbell gray, 3
 And wrait hir name and superscriptioun, °
 And laid it on hir graue, quhair that scho lay, 605
 In goldin Letteris, conteining this ressoun : °
 'Lo, fair Ladyis, Cresseid of Troyis toun, °
 Sumtyme countit the flour of Womanheid, /
 Under this stane, lait Lipper, lyis deid.' °

¶ Now, worthie Wemen, in this Ballet schort, 610
 Made for 3our worschip and Instructioun, /
 Of Cheritie I monische and exhort, .
 Ming not 3our lufe with fals deceptioun ;
 Beir in 3our mynd this schort conclusioun °
 Of fair Cresseid, as I haue said befor : 615
 Sen scho is deid, I speik of hir no moir 44



FINIS.



ORPHEUS & EURYDICE

A.

HEIRE begynnys the traitie of Orpheus king and
 how he 3eid to hewyn *and* to hel to seik
 his quene, And ane othir ballad in the
 lattir end.

F. 76 a. **T**HE nobilnes and grete magnificence
 Off prince or lord, quha list to magnify,
 His grete ancester and linyall descense
 Suld first extoll, and his genology,
 So that his hert he mycht enclyne thare by 5
 The more to vertu and to worthynes,
 Herand reherse his eldirs gentilnes.

It is contrair the lawis of nature
 A gentill man to be degenerate,
 Noucht folowing of his progenitoure 10
 The worthy reule, and the lordly estate ;
 A ryall renk for to be rusticate
 Is bot a monster in comparision,
 Had in despyte and foule derision.

I say this be the grete lordis of grewe, 15
 Quhilk sett thair hert, and all thair hale curage,
 Thair fadirs steppis iustly to persewe,
 Eking the worschip of thair hye lynage ;
 The ancient and sad wyse men of age
 War tendouris to the yong and insolent, 20
 To mak thame in all vertu excellent.

B.

F. 247 a. ¶ HERE followis þe tale of orpheus and Erudices
his quene, etc.

THE nobillneß and gret magnificence
Off prince or lord, quha list to magnify,
His gret ancestry and lyneall discence
Suld first extoll, and his genology,
So þat his hart he mycht Inclyne þarby 5
The mor to *wertew* and to *worthyneß*,
Herand Reherß his eldaris gentilneß.

YT Is contrar þe lawis of natur
A gentill man to be degenerat,
Nocht following of his progenitour 10
The worthy reule, and þe lordly estate;
A ryall reulre¹ for to be rusticat
Is bot a monstour in comparisoun,
Had in dispyte and foule derisioun.

I say þis be þe gret lordis of grewe, 15
Quhilkis set þar hart, for all þair hale corage,
Thar faderis steppis Iustlie to *persewe*,
Eking þe worschipe of þar hie lynage;
The ancient and sad wys men² of age
War tendouris to þe younge & Insolent, 20
To mak þaim in all *wertew* excellent.

¹ So MS. copy; perhaps a misreading of 'renk.' ² MS. copy, 'wysmen.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Lyke as a strand of water or a spring
 Haldis the sapour of his fontall well,
 So did in grece ilk lord and worthy king,
 Off forebearis thay tuke carage¹ and smell, 25
 Among the quhilk of ane I think to tell ;
 Bot first his gentill generation
 I sall reherse, with youre² correction.

F. 76 b. Apon the mountane of Elicone, 30
 The most famouse of all Arabia,
 A godesse duelt, excellent of beautee,
 Gentil of blude, callit memoria ;
 Quhilk iupiter that god to wyf can ta,
 And carnaly hir knew, quhilk eftir syne,
 Apon a day bare hym fair douchteris nyne. 35

The first in grew was callit Euterpe,
 In oure langage gude dilectacioun ;
 the secund maide namyt melpomene,
 As hony suete in modulacion ;
 Tersicor,³ quhilk is gude instruction 40
 Of ewiry thing, the thrid sister, I wis,
 Thus out of grewe in latyne translate is.

Caliope, that maidyn meruailus,
 the ferde sister, of all musilk maistresse,
 And moder to the king sir Orpheus, 45
 Quhilk throu his wyf was efter king of trace ;
 Cleo, the fyft, that now is a godesse,
 In latyne callit meditation,
 Of ewiry thing that has creacion.

¹ *Orig.* 'tarage.'² *Orig.* 'yuore.'³ *Orig.* 'Tersitor.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Lyke as a strand of watter or a spring
 Hald's þe sapour of his fontale well,
 So did in grece Ilk lord & worthy king,
 Of forbear's þai tuke carage & smell, 25
 Amang's þe qu[hi]lk's of ane I think to tell;
 But first his gentill generacioun
 I sall reherſ, with þour correctioun.

F. 247 b. Apōn þe montane of Elicounee,
 The most famouſ of all arabia, 30
 A goddes duelt, excellent of bewte,
 Gentill of blude, callit memoria;
 Quhilk Iubiter þat god to wyf can ta,
 And carnaly hir knewe, quhilk efter syne,
 Apōn a day, bair him fair douchter's nyne. 35

The first in grewe was callit Euterpe,
 In our langage gud delictacioun;
 The secound maide named melpomane,
 As hony sweit in modvlacioun;
 Tersicor,¹ quhilk Is gud Instructioun 40
 Of euery thing, þe thrid sister, I wiſſ,
 Thus out of grewe in latyne translat Is.

Caliope, þat madyn merwalous,
 The ferd sister, of all musik ma[i]strefſ,
 And moder to þe king schir orpheus, 45
 Quhilk throw his wyf was efter king of trace;
 Cleo, þe fyft, þat now Is a goddeſſ,
 In latyne callit meditacioun,
 Of euery thing þat has creacioun.

¹ MS. copy, 'Tersitor.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

The sext lady was callit herato, 50
 Quhilk drawis lyke to lyke in ewiry thing ;
 The sevynt lady was fair pollymyo,
 Quhilk coud a thousand sangis suetly syng ;
 thelya syne, quhilk can oure saulis bring
 To profund wit and grete agilitee, 55
 To vnderstand and haue capacitee.

Wranya, the ix and last of all,
 In oure langage, quha coud it wele expound,

[Lines 59-175 of Asloan and Bannatyne are not found in Chepman & Myllar. See Table (II.) in the Prefatory Note to this volume.]

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

The sext lady was callit herato, 50
 Quhilk drawis lyke to lyke *in euery* thing ;
 The sevynt lady was callit fair pollymyo,
 Quhilk coude a thousand sangi*s* swetly syng ;
 Thelya syne, quhilk can *our* sawlis bring
 To profound wit and gret agilite, 55
 To wnderstand and have capacite.

F. 248 a. Uranya, þe nynt and last of all,
 In our langage, quha coud It wele expound,
 Is callit armony celestiall,
 Reiosing men *wit*h melody & sound. 60
 Amang þir nyne caliope was crownd,
 And maid a quene be mychti god phebus,
 Of quhom he gat þis prince *schir* orpheus.

No wounder Is þocht he was fair & wise,
 Gentill and full of liberalite, 65
 His fader god, and his progenitrys
 A goddeß, fyndar of all Ermonye :
 Quhen he was borne scho set him oñ hir kne,
 And gart him sowke of hir twa palpis qwhyte
 The sweit licour of all musik *per*fyte. 70

Quhen he was auld, sone to manhed he drewe,¹
 Of statur large, and frely fair of face ;
 His noble fame so far It sprang & grewe,
 Till at þe last þe mychti quene of trace,
 Excellent fair, haboundand *in* richeß, 75
 Ane message send vnto þis prince so 3ing,
 Requyrand him to wed hir, & be kyng.

¹ See reading, p. 68, l. 71.

[*Not in* Chepman & Myllar.]

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Erudices þat lady had to name.
 Quhen þat scho saw þis prince so glorius,
 Hir erand to propone she *thocht* no schame, 80
 With word*is* sweit & blenk*is* amorous,
 Said, 'welcome, lord and luf, *schir* orpheus,
 In þis province 3e sall be king & lord !'
 Thai kissit syne, and þus war at accord.

F. 248 b. Betwene orpheus and fair erudices, 85
 Fra þai war weddit, on fra day to day,
 The lowe of luf couth kendill & encres,
 With myrth, blythneß, gret plesans, & gret play
 Off wardlie Ioye : allace, quhat sall we say ?
 Lyke till a flour þat plesandly will spring, 90
 Quhilk fadis sone, and end*is* w*it*h murnyng.

I say þis be erudices þe quene,
 Quhilk walkit furth in till a maij mornyng,
 And with a madin, *in* a medow grene,
 To take þe dewe,¹ & se þe flour*is* spring ; 95
 Quhar In a schaw*e*, ner by þis lady 3ing,
 A bustuos herd callit arystyus,
 Kepand his bestis, lay wnder a buß.

And quhen he saw þis lady solitar,
 Barfute, with schank*is* quhytar þan þe snaw, 100
 Prikkit w*it*h lust, he *thocht* w*it*houtin mar
 Hir till oppreß, and till hir can he draw :
 Dredand for scaith sche fled, quhen scho him saw ;
 And as scho ran, all bairfut, *in* ane buß
 Scho trampit on a *serpent* wennomuß. 105

¹ See Bannatyne, p. 69.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

[*Not in* Chepman & Myllar.]

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

This cruell wen~~n~~ome was so penitryf,
 As natur Is of all mortall poisoun,
 In pecis small þis quenis hart couth ryfe,
 And scho anone fell in a dedly swoun :
 Seand þis caiß, proserpyne maid hir boun, 110
 Quhilk clepit Is þe goddes Infernall,
 And till hir court þis gentill quene couth call.

F. 249 a. And quhen scho wanyst was and Invisible,
 Hir madin wepit w~~i~~th a wofull cheir,
 Cryand w~~i~~th mony schout & voce terrible, 115
 Till at þe last sch~~i~~r orpheus couth heir,
 And of hir cry þe cauß þan can he speir.
 Scho said, 'allace! erudices, your quene,
 Is w~~i~~th [the] fary tane befor myne ene.'

This noble king Inflammit all in Ire, 120
 And rampand as ane lyoun raven~~u~~s,
 With awfull luke, and eyne glowand as fyre,
 Speris þe man~~e~~r, and þe maid said þus :
 'Scho trampit on a serpent wen~~n~~omouß,
 And fell in swoun ; with þat þe quene of fary 125
 Claucht hir wp sone, and furth w~~i~~th hir can cary.'

Quhen scho had said, þe king sichit full sore,
 His hert ner birst for we~~r~~ray dule & wo ;
 Half out of mynd, he maid na tary more,
 But tuke his harp, and to þe wod can go, 130
 Wryngand his hand~~i~~s, walkand to & fro,
 Quhill he my~~c~~ht stand, syne sat down on a stone,
 And to his harp þusgate he maid his mone :

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

[*Not in* Chepman & Myllar.]

F. 77 a. 'To mend my murnyng and my drery mone ;
 Thou geve me forse ¹ that I nought faynt nor fall 60
 Quhill I hir fynd ; for seke hir suth I sall,
 And nouthir stynt nor stand for stok no stone.
 Throu thy god hede gyde me quhare scho is gone,
 Ger hir appere, and put my hert in pes.'
 thus king orpheus, with his harp allone, 65
 Sore wepit for his wyf Erudices.

Quhen endit was the sangis lamentable,
 He tuke his harp, and on his brest can hyng,
 Syne passit to the hevin, as sais the fable,
 To seke his wyf, bot that auailit no thing. 70
 By wadlyng strete he went but taryng,
 Syne come down throu the spere of saturn ald,
 Quhilk fader is of all thir sternis cald.

¹ *Orig.* 'forle.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

‘ I þe beseike, my fair fader phebus,
 Hauē pete of þi awne sone orpheus ; 165
 Wait þow nocht wele I am þi barne & child ?
 Now heir my plant, panefull & petuouſſ ;
 Direct me fra þis deid sa doloruſſ,
 F. 250 a. Quhilk gois thus withoutin gilt begild ;
 Lat *nocht* þi face ¹ *with* clowdis be *oursyld* ; ² 170
 Len me þi licht, and lat me *nocht* ga leſſ,
 To fynd þe fair in fame þat neuer was fyld,
 My lady quene and luf, erudices.

‘ O Iupiter, þow god Celestiall,
 And grantschir to my self, on þe I call 175
 To mend my *murnyng* and my drery mone ;
 Thow gif me forſſ, þat I *nocht* fant nor fall,
 Quhill I hir fynd ; for seik hir suth I sall,
 And noþer stynt nor stand for stok nor stone.
 Throw þi godhed gyde me quhar scho Is gone, 180
 Gar hir appeir, and put myne hert in peſſ.’
 Thus king orpheus, *with* his harpe allone,
 Sore wepit for his wyf erudices.

Quhen endit was þe sangis lamentable,
 He tuke his harp, and on his brest can hyng, 185
 Syne passit to þe hevin, as sayis þe fable,
 To seik his wyf, bot þat avalit ³ na thing :
 By wadlyng streit he went but taryng,
 Syne come downe throw þe speir of saturn ald,
 Quhilk fader Is of all þir sternis cald. 190

¹ MS. copy, ‘fate.’

² MS. copy, ‘*oursfyld*.’

³ Cf. p. 72.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Quhen scho was soucht out throu that cald region,
 To Iupiter his grantsir can he wend, 75
 Quhilk rewit sare his lamentation,
 And gert his spere be soucht fra end to end ;
 Scho was noucht thare ; than doun he can descend
 To mars, the god of batail & of stryf,
 And soucht his spere, yit gat he noucht his wyf. 80

Syne went he doun to his fader phebus,
 God of the son, wyth bemes brycht and clere ;
 Bot quhen that he saw his sone Orpheus
 In sik a plyte, it changit all his chere.
 He gert anon go seke throu all his spere ; 85
 Bot all in wayn, that lady com noucht thare :
 Than tuke he leve and to venus can fare.

F. 77 b. Quhen he hir saw, he knelit and said thus :
 'Wate ye noucht wele I am your avin trewe knyght ?
 In lufe nane lelare than sir Orpheus ; 90
 And ye of lufe goddesse, and most of myght,
 Off my lady help me to get a sicht.'
 'For suth,' quod scho, 'ye mon seke nethir mare.'
 Than fra venus he tuke his leve but mare.

To mercury but tary is he gone, 95
 Quhilk callit is the god of eloquence ;
 Bot of his wyf thare knaulage gat he non.
 Wyth wofull hert than passit he doun fro thens ;
 Wnto the mone he maid na residence :
 Thus fra the hevyn he went doun to the erde, 100
 yit by the way sum melody he lorde.

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Quhen scho was soucht out throw þat cald regioun,
 To Iubiter his grantschir can he wend,
 Quhilk rewit sair his lamentacioun,
 And gart his speir be soucht fra end to end ;
 Scho was *nocht* þare ; þan down he can descend 195
 To mars, þe god of batall & of stryf,
 And socht his speir, 3it gat he *nocht* his wyf.

F. 250 b. Syne went he downe to his fader phebus,
 God of þe son, *wit* bemes bricht and cleir ;
 Quhen þat he saw his son orpheus 200
 In sic a plyte, It changit all his cheir.
 He gart anone go seik throw all his speir ;
 Bot all in vane, þat lady come *nocht* þare :
 Than tuke he leif and to venus can fair.

Quhen he hir saw, he knelit & said þus : 205
 ' Wait 3e *nocht* weil I am 3our awne trew knycht ?
 In luf nane lelar þan *schir* orpheus ;
 And 3e of luf goddeß, and most of mycht,
 Of my lady helpe me to get a sicht.'
 ' For suth,' *quod* scho, ' 3e mon seik nethir mar.' 210
 Than fra venus he tuke his lef but mair.

To marcurey but tary Is he gone,
 Quhilk callit Is þe god of eloquens ;
 Bot of his wyf þare knowlege gat he none.
 With wofull hart þan passit he dovne fro thens ; 215
 Vnto þe mone he maid no residens :
 Thus fra þe hevin he went down to þe erd,
 3it be þe way sum melody be lerd.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

In his passage amang the planetis all,
 He herd a hevynly melody and sound,
 Passing all instrumentis musicall,
 Causid be rollyng of the speris round ; 105
 Quhilk armony throu all this mappamound,
 Quhilk ¹ moving cesse vnyt perpetuall,
 Quhilk of this world pluto the saul can call.

Thare lerit he tonys proportionate,
 As duplar, triplar, and emetricus, 110
 Enoleus, and eke the quadruplate,
 Epodyus *rycht* hard and curius ;
 And of thir sex, suete and dilicius,
 Ryght ² consonant fyve hevynly symphonyis
 Componyt ar, as clerkis can devise. 115

F. 78 a. First dyatesseron, full suete, I wis,
 And dyapason, symple and duplycate,³
 And dyapente, componyt with a dys ;
 This mak v of thre multiplycate :
 This mery musik and mellifuete, 120
 Complete and full wyth nowmeris od & even,
 Is causit be the moving of the hevyn.

Off sik musik to wryte I do bot dote,
 Tharfor ⁴ at this mater a stra I lay,
 For in my lyf I coud newir syng a note ; 125
 Bot I will tell how orpheus take the way,
 To seke his wyf atour the grauis gray,
 Hungry and cald, our mony wilsum wane,
 Wyth outyn gyde, he and his harp allane.

¹ *Orig.* 'Quhill.'² *Orig.* 'Rygh.'³ Cf. pp. 43 and 74.⁴ *Orig.* 'Thar for.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

In his passage amang þe planetis all,
 He herd ane hevinlie melody and sound, 220
 Passing all Instrumentis musicall,
 Causit be rolling of þe speris round ;
 Quhilk Ermony throw all þis mapamond,
 Quhilk moving ceß vnite perpetuall,
 Quhilk of þis warld pluto þe saull can call. 225

F. 251 a. Thar leirit ¹ he tonys proporcionate,
 As dupler, tripler, and emetricus,
 Enoleus, and eike þe quadruplat,
 Epodyus richt hard and curiouß ;
 And of þir sex, swet & delicious, 230
 Richt consonant five hevinly symphonyis ²
 Componit ar, as clerkis can devys.

First diatasseroun, full sweit, I wiß
 And diapasoun, symple & duplate,
 And diapente, componit w^{it}h a diß ; 235
 This makis five of thre multiplicat :
 This mery Musik & mellifluat,
 Complete & full w^{it}h novmeris od & evyn,
 Is Causit be þe moving of þe hevin.

Off sic Musik to wryte I do bot dote, 240
 Tharfor at þis mater a stra I lay,
 For in my lyf I couth nev^{er} syng a note ;
 Bot I will tell how orpheus tuke þe way,
 To seike his wyf attozr þe gravis gray,
 Hungry and cald, o^{ur} mony wilsom wane, 245
 Withoutin gyde, he & his harp allane.

¹ MS. copy, 'Leiyt.'

² MS. copy, 'symonis.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

He passit furth the space of xx dayis, 130
 Fer and full ferther than I can tell,¹
 And ay he fand stretis and redy wayis ;
 Tyll at the last vnto the yett of hell
 He com, and thare he fand a portar fell,
 With thre hedis, was callit Cerberus, 135
 A hund of hell, a monster meruailus.

Than Orpheus began to be agast,
 Quhen he beheld that vgly hellis hund ;
 He tuke his harp, & on it playit fast,
 Till at the last, throu suetenes of the sound, 140
 The dog slepit and fell vnto the ground ;
 And Orpheus atour his wame in stall,
 And nethir mare he went, as ye here sall.

Than come he till ane rywir wonder depe,
 Our it a brig,² and on it sisteris thre, 145
 F. 78 b. Quhilk had the entree of the brig to kepe,
 Alecto, megera, and Thesiphonee,
 Turnand a quhele was vgly for to see,
 And on it spred a man hecht ixione,
 Rowit about ryczt wonder wo begone. 150

Than Orpheus playit a ioly spryng,
 The thre sistirs full fast thay fell on slepe,
 The vgly quhele sessit of hir quhirlyng ;
 Thus left was non the entree for to kepe.
 Than ixion out of the quhele can crepe, 155
 And stall away ; than Orpheus anone,
 With out stoping, atour the brig is gone.

¹ Cf. p. 74, l. 248.² *Orig.* 'brih.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

He passit furth þe space of xx^{ti} day[i]s,
 Far and full ferther þan I can tell,¹
 And ay he fand stretis & redy wayis ;
 Till at þe last vnto þe 3et of hell 250
 He come, & þare he fand a portare fell,
 Witþ thre hedis, was callit Cerberus,
 A hound of hell, a monstour merwalouf.

F. 251 b. Than orpheus began to be agast,
 Quhen he beheld þat wgly hellis hound ; 255
 He tuke his harpe, and on It plait fast,
 Till at þe last, thro[w] swetneß of þe sound,
 The dog slepit and fell vnto þe ground ;
 And orpheus attour his wame In stall,
 And nethir mar he went, as 3e heir sall. 260

Than come he till a ryver wounder depe, .
 Our It a brig, and on It sisteris thre,
 Quhilk had þe entre of þe brig to kepe,
 Alecto, megera, and thesphonee,
 Tornand a quheile was wglie for to se, 265
 And on It spred a man hecht Ixioun,
 Rollit about richt wounder wo begone.

Than orpheus playit a Ioly spring,
 The thre sisteris full fast þai fell on slepe,
 The vglye quheile cessit of hir quhirling ; 270
 Thus left was nane þe entre for to kepe.
 Than Ixioun out of þe quhele can crepe,
 And stall away ; þan orpheus anone,
 Without stopping, attour þe brig Is gone.

¹ Cf. p. 74, l. 248.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Syne come he till a wonder grisely flud,
 Droubly and depe, that rathly doun can ryn,
 Quhare Tantalus nakit full thristy stude, 160
 And yit the water yede abone his chyn ;
 T[h]ouch[t] he gapit, thare wald na drop cum in ;
 Quhen he dulkit, the water wald descend ;
 Thus gat he noucht his t[h]rist to slake no[r] mend.

Before his face ane apill hang also, 165
 Fast at his mouth, apon a tolter threde ;
 Quhen he gapit, it rokkit to and fro,
 And fled, as it refusit hym to fede.
 Than Orpheus had reuth of his grete nede,
 Tuke out his harp, and fast on it can clink : 170
 The water stude, and Tantalus gat drink.

Syne our a mure, wyth thornis thik & scharp,
 Weping allone, a wilsum way he went,
 And had noucht bene throu suffrage of his harp,
 F. 79 a. Wyth scharp pikis he had bene schorne & schent ; 175
 And as he blent, besyde hym on the bent,
 He saw speldit a wonder wofull wicht,
 Nailit full fast, and Theseus he hicht.

And on his breste thare sat a grisely gripe,
 Quhilk wyth his bill his bally throu can bore, 180
 Bath maw, mydred, hert, lywir, and trype,
 He ruggit out—his paynis war the more.
 Quhen Orpheus saw hym this suffer sore,
 Has tane his harp, & maid suete melody—
 The grype is fled,¹ Theseus left his cry. 185

¹ *Orig.* 'fled.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Syne come he till a wounder grysly flude, 275
 Drowbly and dēpe, þat rathly down can ryn,
 Quhare *tantalus* nakit full thristy stude,
 And ȝit þe *wattir* stud above his chyn ;
 Þocht he gapit, þar wald na drop cum In ;
 Quhen he dulkit, þe *wattir* wald descend ; 280
 Thus gat he nochȝt his thrist to slaike nor mend.

F. 252 a. Before his face ane apill hang also,
 Fast at his mouth, apon a tolter threid ;
 Quhen he gapit, It rokkit to & fro,
 And fled, as It refusit him to feid. 285
 Than orpheus had reuth of his gret neid,
 Tuke owt his harpe, & fast on It can clynk :
 The *wattir* stude, and *tantalus* gat a drink.

Syne our a Mure, with thornis thik & scharp,
 Weping allone, a wilsom way he went, 290
 And had nochȝt bene throw suffrage of his harp,
 With scharpe *pykis* he had bene schorn & schent ;
 And as he blent, besyd him on þe bent
 He saw speldit a wounder wofull wicht,
 Nalit full fast, and theseus he hicht. 295

And on his brest þar sat ane grysly grype,
 Quhilk with his bill his baly thro[w] can bore,
 Baith maw, mydred, hart, lever, & tripe,
 He ruggit owt—his panys wer þe more.
 Quhen orpheus saw him þus suffer sore, 300
 Has tane his harpe and maid sweit melody—
 The grype Is fled, Theseus left his cry.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Beyond this more he fand a ferefull strete,
 Myrk as the *nicht*, to pas *rycht* dangerus,
 For *slydrines* scant *mycht* he hald his fete,
 In quhilk thare was a stynk *rycht* odious,
 That gydit hym to hydouse hellis house, 190
 Quhare rodomantus & proserpina
 Were king and quene : Orpheus in coud ga.

O dolly place, and grondles depe dungeon !
 Furnes of fyre, with stynk intollerable,
 Pit of dispair, wythout¹ remission, 195
 Thy mete venym, thy drink is poysonable,
 Thy grete paynis to compt vnnowmerabil ;
 Quhat creatur *cummys* to duell in the
 Is ay deyand, and newir more may dee !

Thare fand he mony carefull king & quene, 200
 Wyth croun on hede, of brasse full hate birnand,
 Quhilk in thair lyf *rycht* maisterfull had bene,
 Conquerour of gold, riches, & of land.
 F. 79 b. Ector of Troy, and Priam, thare he fand ;
 And Alexander, for his wrang conquest ; 205
 Anthiocus² thare for his foule incest.

Thare fand he Iulius cesar for his crueltee ;
 And herode wyth his brotheris wyf he sawe ;
 And Nero for his grete iniquitee ;
 And pilot for his breking of the lawe ; 210
 Syne vnder that he lukit, and coud knawe
 Cresus the king, non mithtiar on mold
 For couatise, yett full of byrnand gold.

¹ *Orig.* 'wyth out.'² *Orig.* 'Anthiotus.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Bezonde þis Mure he fand a ferefull strete,
 Myrk as þe nycht, to paß richt dangerouß,
 For slidderineß scant mycht he hald his feit, 305
 In quhilk þar was ane stynk richt odiouß,
 That¹ gydit him to hidowis hellis houß,
 Quhar rodomantus & proserpina
 War king & qwene ; orpheus In can ga,

F. 252 b. O dolly place, and groundleß depe dungeoun ! 310
 Furneß of fyre, with stynk Intollerable,
 Pit of dispair, without remissioun,
 Thy meit weenon, þi drink Is poysonable,
 Thy gret panis to compt Innomerable ;
 Quhat creatur cummis to duell in þe 315
 Is aye deand, and neuir more may de !

Thar fand he mony carefull kyng and qwene,
 With crowne on hed, of braß full hate birnand,
 Quhilk in þar lyf richt masterfull had bene,
 Conquerour of gold, richeß, and of land. 320
 Hector of troye, and pryame, þar he fand ;
 And alexander, for his wrang conquest ;
 Antiochus þar for his foule Incest.

Thar fand he Iulius Cesar for his cruelte ;
 And herod with his broþeris wyf he saw ; 325
 And nero for his gret Iniquite ;
 And pylat for his breking of þe law ;
 Syne efter þat he lukit, and couth knawe
 Cresus þe king, non mychtiare on mold
 For covatus, 3et full of birnand gold. 330

¹ MS. copy, 'Thai.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Thare fand he pharo, for oppression
 Off goddis folk, on quhilk the plagis fell ; 215
 And Saul eke, for the grete abusion
 Off iustice, to the folk of israel ;
 Thare fand he Acab and quene iesabell,
 Quhilk sely nabot, was a prophet trewe,
 For his wyne yarde wyth outyn pitee sleue.¹ 220

Thare fand he mony pape and cardinall,
 In haly kirk quhilk dois abusion,
 And bishchopis in thair pontificall,
 Be symony for wrang ministration,
 Abbotis and men of all religion, 225
 For euill disponyng of thair placis rent,
 In flambe of fyre were bitterly turment.

Syne nethir mare he went quhare pluto was,
 And proserpine, and thiderward he drewe,
 Ay playand on his harp as he coud pas ; 230
 Till at the last Erudices he knewe,
 Lene and dedelike, pitouse and pale of hewe,
 F. 80 a. *Rycht* warsch and wan, & walowit as a wede,
 Hir lily lyre was lyke vnto the lede.

Quod he, 'my lady lele, and my delyte, 235
 Full wa is me to se yow changit thus ;
 Quhare is thy rude as rose wyth chekis quhite,
 Thy cristall eyne with blenkis amoureuse,
 Thi lippis rede to kis diliciouse? '
 Quod scho, 'as now I dar noucht tell, *perfoy* ; 240
 Bot ye sall wit the cause ane othir day.'

¹ *Orig.* 'sleue.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Thar fand he pharo, for oppressioun
Of god's folk, on quhilk þe plagis fell ;
And saull eke, for þe gret abusioun
Of Iustice to þe folk of Israell ;
Thar fand acab and þe quene Iesabell, 335
Quhilk sely nabot, þat was a prophet trewe,
For his wyne-ȝard *wit*houtin pete slew.

F. 253 a. Thar fand he mony pape and cardinal,
In haly kirk quhilk dois abusioun,
And bischopis In þar pontificall, 340
Be symony for wrang ministracioun ;
Abbot's and men of all religioun,
For ewill disponyng of þar placis rent,
In flam of fyre war bittirly torment.

Syne nethir mar he went quhar pluto was, 345
And proserpyne, and þiddirwart he drewe,
Aye playand on his harpe as he couth paß ;
Till at þe last erudices he knewe,
Lene and dedlyke, petuoß & pale of hewe,
Richt warsche and wan, and wallowit as a weid, 350
Hir lely lyre was lyke vnto þe leid.

Quod he, 'my lady leil, and my delyte,
Ful wa Is me till se ȝow changit þus ;
Quhar Is þi rude as roß *wit*h cheik's quhyte,
Thy cristall eyne *wit*h blenk's amoruß, 355
Thy lippis red to kiß deliciuß ?'
Quod scho, 'as now I dar *nocht* tell, per faye ;
Bot ȝe sall wit þe cauß ane nobir day.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Quod pluto, 'sir, thouch scho be like ane elf,
 Thare is na cause to plenye, and for quhy?
 Scho fare als wele dayly as did my self,
 Or king herode for all his cheualry : 245
 It is langour *that* puttis hir in sik ply ;
 Were scho at hame in hir contree of Trace,
 Scho wald refete full sone in fax & face.'

Than Orpheus before pluto sat down,
 And in his handis quhite his harp can ta, 250
 And playit mony suete proporcion,
 With base tonys in ypodorica,
 With gemynyng in ypolerica ;
 Till at the last for reuth & grete pitee,
 Thay wepit sore, that coud hym here and see. 255

Than proserpyne and pluto bad hym as
 His warison ; and he wald ask *rycht* noucht
 Bot licence wyth his wyf away to pas
 Till his contree, that he so fer had soucht.
 Quod proserpyne, 'sen I hir hidir broucht, 260
 We sall noucht part bot wyth condicion.'
 F. 80 b. Quod he, 'thareto I mak promission.'

'Erudices than be the hand thou tak,
 And pas thy way, bot vnderneath this payne :
 Gyf thou turnis or blenkis behind thy bak, 265
 We sall hir haue forewir till hell agayn.'
 Thouch this was hard, yit Orpheus was fayn,
 And on thai went, talkand of play and sport,
 Quhill thay almaist com to the *vttir* port.

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Quod pluto, '*schir*, þocht sche be lyke ane elf,
 Thar Is na cauß to plenße, & for quhy? 360
 Scho fare alswele daly as dois my self,
 Or king herod for all his chevalry :
 It Is langowr þat putis hir in sic ply ;
 War scho at home in hir cuntre of trace,
 Scho wald refet full sone in fax & face.' 365

F. 253 b. Than orpheus befor pluto sat dovne,
 And In his handis quhyte his harp can ta,
 And playit mony sweit proporcioun,
 With base tonys in ypodorica,
 With gemynyng In ypolirica ; 370
 Til at þe last for reuth & gret pete,
 Thai wepit sore, þat couth him heir or se.

Than proserpyne and pluto bad him aß
 His warisoun ; and he wald ask richt nocht
 Bot licence with his wyf away to paß 375
 Till his countre, þat he so fer had socht.
 Quod proserpyne, 'sen I hir hiddir brocht,
 We sall nocht part bot with condicioun.'
 Quod he, 'þarto I mak promissioun.'

'Erudices þan be þe hand þow tak, 380
 And paß þi way, bot wndir neth þis pane :
 Gif þow tornes or blenkis behynd þi bak,
 We sall hir haue for euir till hell agane.'
 Þocht þis was hard, 3it orpheus was fane,
 And on þai went, talkand of play & sport, 385
 Quhill þai allmast come to þe vttir port.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Thus orpheus, wyth inwart lufe replete, 270
 So blyndit was in grete affection,
 Pensif apon his wyf and lady suete,
 Remembrit noucht his hard condicion.
 Quhat will ye more? in schort conclusiõ,
 He blent bakward, & pluto com anon, 275
 And vnto hell agayn with hir is gone.

Allace! It was *rycht* grete hertsare to here
 Of Orpheus the weping and the wo,
 Quhen that his wyf, quhilk he had bocht so dere,
 Bot for a luke sa sone was hynt hym fro. 280
 Flatlyngis he fell, & *mycht* no forthir go,
 And lay a quhile in suoun and extasy;
 Quhen he our come, thus out on lufe can cry:

‘Quhat art thou, lufe, how sall I the dyffyne?
 Bitter and suete, cruel and merciabile, 285
 Plesand to sum, til othir playnt & pyne,
 To sum constant, till othir variabil;
 Hard is thy law, thi bandis vmbrekable;
 Quha seruis the, thouch he be newir sa trewe,
 Perchance sum tyme he sall haue cause to rewe. 290

F. 81 a. ‘Now fynd I wele this prouerbe trew,’ *quod* he,
 “Hert is on the hurd, and hand is on the sore;
 Quhare lufe gois, on forse turnis the ee:”
 I am expert, and wo is me tharfore;
 Bot for a luke my lady is forlore.’ 295
 Thus chydand on with lufe, our burn & bent,
 A wofull wedow hamewart is he went.

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Thus orpheus, *wit* Inwart luf replet,
 So blyndit was in gret effectioun,
 Pensyf apon his wyf & lady sweit,
 Rememberit *nocht* his hard condicioun. 390
 Quhat will 3e more? *in* schort conclusioun,
 He blent bakwart, & pluto come anone,
 And vnto hell agane *wit* hir Is gone.

F. 254 a. Allace! It was *rycht* gret hart sair to heir
 Off orpheus þe weping and þe wo, 395
 Quhen þat his wyf, quhilk he had bocht so deir,
 Bot for a luke so sone was hynt him fro.
 Flatlyng*s* he fell, and *mycht* no forther go,
 And lay a quhyle in swown and extasy;
 Quhen he *our*come, þus owt of luf can cry: 400

‘Quhat art þow, luf, how sall I þe diffyne?
 Bitter and sweit, cruell & *merci*able,
 Plesand to sum, till *vþir* playnt & pyne,
 Till sum Constant, till *vþer* variable;
 Hard Is þi law, þi band*s* vnbrekable; 405
 Quha *servi*s þe, þocht he be *never* so trewe,
 Perchance sum tyme he sall have caus to rew.

‘Now fynd I weile, þis prowerb trewe (*quod* he),
 “Hart Is on þe hurd, and hand Is on þe sore;
 Quhar luf gois, on for*s* tornes þe E:” 410
 I am expert, and wo Is me *þer*fore;
 Bot for a luke my lady Is forlore.’
 Thus chydand On *wit* luf, *our* burn & bent,
 A wofull wedaw hamwart Is he went.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Moralitas fabule sequitur.

Lo, worthy folk, Boece, that senature,
 To wryte this feynit fable tuke in cure,
 In his gay buke of consolacion, 300
 For oure doctryne, and gude instruction ;
 Quhilk in the self suppose it fenyeit be,
 And hid vnder the cloke of poesie,
 Yit maister trowit doctour Nicholas,
 Quhilk in his tyme a noble theolog was, 305
 Applyis it to gude moralitee,
Rycht full of frute and seriositee.
 Faire phebus is the god of sapience ;
 Caliopee, his wyf, is eloquence ;
 Thir twa maryit gat orpheus belyve, 310
 Quhilk callit is the part intellectuue
 Of mannis saule, in vnderstanding free,
 And sepeparate fra sensualitee.
 Erudices is oure affection,
 Be fantasy oft movit vp & doun ; 315
 Quhile to reson it castis the delyte,
 Quhile to the flesch settis the appetite.
 Arestyus, this hird that coud *persewe*
 Erudices, is noucht bot gude vertewe,
 Quhilk besy is ay to kepe oure myndis clene ; 320
 Bot quhen we flee out throu the medow grene
 Fra vertu, to this warldis wayn plesance,
 Myngit wyth care and full of variance,
 The serpent stangis that is dedely syn,
 That poysons the saule wyth out & in ; 325
 And than is dede, & eke oppressit doun
 To warldly lust all oure affection.

F. 81 b.

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Moralitas fabule sequitur.

415
LO, worthy folke, boece, þat senatur,
 To wryte þis faynit fable tuke *in* cure,
 In his gay buke of consolacioun,
 For our doctryne and gud Instructioun ;
 Quhilk in þe self supposþ It fenȝeit be,
420
 And hid wnder þe cloke of poecy,
 3it master¹ trewit doctor nycholaß,
 Quhilk in his tyme a noble theologe was,
 Applyis It to gud moralite,
 Richt full of frut and seriosite.²
425
 Fair Phebus Is þe god of sapiens ;
 Caliope, his wyf, Is eloquens ;
 Thir twa maryt gat orpheus belyf,
 Quhilk callit Is þe *pairt* Intellectif
 Of *manis* saull, in *wndir*standing fre,
430
 And separate fra sensualite.
 Erudices Is *our* effectioun,
 Be fantasye oft movit wp & down ;
 Quhilis to resoun It castis þe delyte,
 Quhilis to þe flesche settis þe appetite.
435
 Arystyus, þis herd þat couth *persew*
 Erudices, Is *nocht* bot gud *wertew*,
 Quhilk besy Is aye to kepe *our myndis* clene ;
 Bot quhen we fle out thro þe medow grene
 Fra *wertew*, to þis *warldis* wane plesans,
440
 Mengit *witþ* cair and full of warians,
 The serpent stangis, þat Is dedly syn,
 That poysonis þe saule baith *witþout* & in ;
 And þan Is It deid, & eik oppressit down
 To wardly lust all *our* effectioun.

¹ MS. copy, 'in aftere.'

² MS. copy, 'serusite.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

- Than *perfyte* reson wepis wondir sare,
 Seand oure appetite thusgate mysfare ;¹
 And passis vp to the hevyn belyue, 330
 Schawand till vs the lyf contemplatyve,
 The *perfyte* will, and als the feruent lufe
 We suld haue alway to the hevyn abufe ;
 Bot seldyn thare oure appetite is found,
 It is so fast in to the body bound ; 335
 Tharfor² downwart we cast oure myndis ee,
 Blyndit wyth lust, and may noucht vpward flee,
 Suld oure desyre be soucht vp in the speris,
 Quhen it is tederit on this warldis breris,
 Quhile on the flesch, quhile on this warldis wrak : 340
 And to the hevyn small entent we tak.
 Sir Orpheus, thou sekis all in vayn
 Thy wyf so hie, tharfor *cum* douñ agayn,
 And pas vnto yone monstir meruailus,
 With thre hedis, that we call Cerberus, 345
 Quhilk feynit is to haue sa mony hedis,
 For to betakyn thre manir of dedis.
 The first is in the tendir yong barnage,
 The secund dede is in the medill age,
 The thrid is in grete elde quhen men ar tane. 350
 Thus Cerberus to swelly sparis nane,
 Bot quhen that resoun and intelligence
 Plais apon the harp of eloquence,
 F. 82 a. That is to say, makis persuasioun
 To draw oure will and oure affection, 355
 In ewiry elde, fra syn and foule delyte,
 This dog oure saule has no power to byte.
 The secund monstiris ar the sisteris thre,
 Alecto, Megera, and Thesiphone,
 Ar noucht ellis, in bukis as we rede, 360
 Bot wickit thought, evill word, & frawart dede.

¹ *Orig.* 'mys fare.'² *Orig.* 'Thar for.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Than *perfyte* resoun wepis wounder sair, 445
 Seand *our* appetit þusgate misfair ;
 And passis wp to þe hevin belyf,
 Schawand till ws þe lyf contemplatif,
 The parfyt will, and alß þe fervent luf
 We suld have allway to þe hevin abuf ; 450
 Bot seldyñ þar *our* appetit Is fund,
 F. 255 a. **I**T Is so fast In to þe body bund ;
 Tharfor downwart we cast *our* myndis E,
 Blyndit *wit* lust, and may *nocht* wpwart fle ;
 Suld *our* desyre be soucht wp in þe *speris*, 455
 Quhen It Is tedderit on þis warldis *breris*,
 Quhile on þe flesche, quhile on þis warldis wrak :
 And to þe hevin small entent we tak.
 Schir orpheus, þow seikis all in wane
 Thy wyf so hie ; þerfor cum dovne agane, 460
 And paß vnto 3one monstour *merwalus*,
 With thre hedis, þat we call Cerberus,
 Quhilk feynit Is to haf sa mony heid^{is},
 For to betakin thre *maner* of deid^{is}.
 The first Is in þe *tendir* 3oung barnage, 465
 The second deid Is in þe myddle age,
 The thrid Is in gret eld quhen men ar tane.
 Thus Cerberus to swelly spar^{is} nane,
 Bot quhen þat ressoun and Intelligens
 Playis apon þe harpe of eloquens, 470
 That Is to saye, mak^{is} perswasioun
 To draw *our* will & *our* affectioun,
 In *euery* eild, fra syn & foule delyte,
 This dog *our* saull has na power to byte.
 The secound monstour^{is} ar þe sister^{is} thre, 475
 Alecto, megera, & thesiphonee,
 Ar *nocht* ellis, in buk^{is} as we reid,
 Bot wikit thoch^t, ewill word, & frawerd deid.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Alecto is the bolnyng of the hert,
 Megera is the wikkit word outwert,
 Thesiphone is operacion,
 That makis fynal execucion 365
 Of dedly syn ; & thir thre turnis ay
 Ane vgly quhele, is noucht ellis to say,
 That wardly men sum tyme ar castin hie
 Apon the quhele, in grete prosperitee,
 And wyth a quhirl, vnwarly, or thai witte, 370
 Ar thravin down to pure & law estate.
 Of ixione that in the quhele was spred,
 I sall the tell sum *part*, as I haue red :
 He was on lyve brukle & lecherouse,
 And in that craft hardy and curageouse, 375
 That he wald noucht lufe in na lawar place
 Bot Iuno, quene of nature & goddace.
 And on a day he went vp in the sky,
 Sekand Iuno, thinkand with hir to ly :
 Scho saw hym cum and knew his full entent. 380
 A rany cloud down fra the firmament
 Scho gert descend, and kest betuene thaim two ;
 And in that cloud his nature yede hym fro,
 Of quhilk was *generit* the Centauris,
 Half man, half horse, apon a ferly wyse. 385
 Than for the inward crabbing and offense
 F. 82 b. That Iuno tuke for his grete violence,
 Scho send hym down vnto the sisteris thre,
 Apon thair quhele ay turnyt for to be.
 Bot quhen that reson and intelligence 390
 Playis apon the harp of conscience,¹
 That is to say, the grete sollicitude,
 Quhile vp, quhile down, to wyn this warldis gud,
 Cessis furthwith, and oure complexion
 Waxis quiete in contemplacion. 395

¹ Six additional lines appear in Bannatyne. See p. 83.

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Alecto Is þe bolnyng of þe hart,
 Megera Is þe wikit word outwart, 480
 Thesiphonee Is operacioun,
 That makis fynale execucioun
 F. 255 b. Off dedly syn ; and thir thre tornes aye
 Ane wglye quheil, Is *nocht* ellis to say,
 That wardlie men sumtyme ar cassyn hie 485
 Apon þe quhele, in gret prosperite,
 And *wit* a quhirll, wnwarly, or þai wait,
 Ar thrawin dovne to pure & law estaite.
 Of Ixioun þat in þe quhele was spred,
 I sall þe tell sum *part*, as I have red : 490
 He was on lyf broukle and lichoruß,
 And in þat craft hardy and coragiouß,
 That he wald *nocht* luf in na lawar place
 Bot Iuno, quene of natur & goddas.
 And on a day he went wp in þe sky, 495
 Sekand Iuno, thinkand *wit* hir to ly :
 Scho saw him cum and knew his full entent.
 Ane Rany clud down fro þe firmament
 Scho gart discend, and kest betwene þaim two ;
 And in þat clud his natur 3eid him fro, 500
 Of quhilk was generit þe Centaurisß,
 Half man, half horsß, apon a ferly wyß.
 Than for þe Inwart crabbing & offence
 That Iuno tuke for his gret violence,
 Scho send him dovne vnto þe sisteris thre, 505
 Apon þar quhele ay torned for to be.
 Bot quhen þat ressoun & Intelligens
 Plays apon þe harp of consciens,¹
 That Is to say, þe gret sollicitud,
 Quhile wp, quhile down, to wyn þis warldis gud, 510
 Cessis furthw~~it~~, and our complexioun
 Waxis quyet in contemplacioun.

¹ See note on p. 60.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

- This Tantalus, of quham I spak of are,
 Quhill he lyvit he was a gay hostlare,
 And on a *nycht*¹ com traualand thare by
 The god of riches, and tuke herbery
 Wyth Tantalus; and he to the soupere 400
 Slew his awin sone, that was hym lef & dere,
 In till a sewe wyth spicis sodyn wele,
 And gert the god ete vp his flesch ilk dele.
 For this despyte, quhen he was dede anon,
 Was dampnyt in the flude of Acheron, 405
 To suffer hunger, thirst, nakit & cald,
Rycht wo begone, as I before haue tald.
 This hungry man and thirsty, Tantalus,
 Betakenis men gredy and couatouse,
 The god of riches that ar ay redy 410
 For to ressaue, and call in herbery;
 And to tham sethe thair sone in pecis smale,
 That is thair flesch and blude, wyth grete trauale,
 To fill the bag, and newir fynd in thair hart
 Apon tham self to spend, na tak thair part. 415
 Allace, in erd quhare is thare mare foly,
 Than for to want, & haue haboundantly,
 To haue distresse on bak, and bed, and burde,
 And spare till othir men of gold a hurde?
 F. 83 a. And in the *nycht* slepe soundly may thai noucht, 420
 To gader gere sa gredy is thair thought.
 Bot quhen that reson and intelligence
 Playis apon the harp of eloquence,²
 That is to say, gottyn with grete laboure,
 Kepit with drede, and tynt is with doloure. 425
 This auarice, be grace quha vnder stud,
 I trow suld leve thair grete solicitude,
 And Ithand t[h]ouchtis, and thair besynes
 To gader gold, and syne lyve in distres;

¹ *Orig.* 'mycht.'² Four additional lines appear in Bannatyne. See p. 84.

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

This tantalus, of quhom I spak of air,
 F. 256 a. Quhill he leuit he was a gay hostillar,
 And on a *nicht* come travelland *þar* by 515
 The god of riches, and tuke herbery
 With tantalus ; and he to *þe* supar
 Slewe his awne sone, *þat* was to *him* leif & deir,
 Intill a sowe *with* spycis soddyn wele,
 And gart *þe* god eite wp his flesche Ilk dele. 520
 For *þis* dispyte, quhen he was deid anone,
 Was dampnit in *þe* flude of acheron,
 To suffer hunger, thirst, nakit & cald,
 Richt wo begone, as I tofore have tald.
 This hungry man and thirsty, tantalus, 525
 Betakinnis men gredy & covatuf,ß,
 The god of riches *þat* Is ay redy
 For to resaif, & call in herbery ;
 And to *þaim* seith *þair* sone in pecis small,
 That Is *þair* flesche & blud, *with* gret trawall, 530
 To fill *þe* bag, & *nevir* fynd in *þair* hert
 Apon *þaim* self to spend, nor tak *þair* part.
 Allace, in erd quhar Is *þair* mar foly,
 Than for to want, and haue haboundantly,
 To have distrefß on bed, bak, & burd, 535
 And spair till *vþer* men of gold a hurde ?
 And in *þe* *nicht* slepe soundly may *þai* *nocht*,
 To gadder geir sa gredy Is *þair* thocht.
 Bot quhen *þat* ressoun & Intelligens
 Playis apon *þe* harp of eloquens,¹ 540
 That Is to say, gettin *with* gret laubour,
 Kepit *with* dreid, and tynt Is *with* dolour.
 This awarice, be grace quha wnderstud,
 I trow suld leve *þair* gret sollicitud,
 And ythand thochtis, and *þair* besyneß 545
 F. 256 b. To gadder gold, [and] syne leif in distrefß ;

¹ See note (No. 2) on p. 62.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

Bot he suld drink ineuch quhenewir hym list 430
 Of couatise, and slake the birnand thrist.
 This¹ Theseus lay nailit on the bent,
 And wyth the grype his bowellis ryvin and rent,
 Quhill he lyvit, sett his entencion
 To fynd the craft of diuinacion, 435
 And lerit it vnto the spamen all,
 To tell before sik thingis as wald fall,
 Quhat lyf, quhat dede, quhat destyny & werd,
 Previdit were to ewery man in erde.
 Apollo than for his abusion, 440
 Quhilk is the god of diuinacion,
 For he vsurpit in his facultee,
 Put hym till hell, and thare remanis he.²
 Bot Orpheus has won Erudices,
 Quhen oure desire wyth reson makis pes, 445
 And sekis vp to contemplacion,
 Off syn detestand the abusion.
 Bot ilk man suld bewar, & wisely see
 That he bakwart cast noucht his myndis ee,
 Gevand consent, and dilectation, 450
 Off wardly lust for the affection ;
 For than gois bakwart to the syn agayn
 F. 83 b. Oure appetite, as It before was slayn
 In warldly lust and sensualitee,
 And makis reson wedow for to be. 455
 Now pray we god sen oure affection
 Is alway prompt & redy to fall down,
 That he wald help vs wyth his haly hand³
 Of maneteinance, and geve vs grace to stand
 In *perfyte* lufe, as he is glorius. 460
 And thus endis the tale of Orpheus.

¹ *Orig.* 'Thir.'² Forty-five additional lines appear in Bannatyne. See pp. 85, 86.³ *Orig.* 'land.'

[ASLOAN TRANSCRIPT

Bot he suld drink yneuch quhen eu~~r~~ him list
 Of covatuf, and slaik þe birnand thrist.
 This theseus lay nalit on þe bent,
 And w~~i~~th þe grype his bowallis revyn & rent, 550
 Quhill he levit, set his entencioun
 To fynd þe craft of divinacioun,
 And lerit It vnto þe spa men all,
 To fele¹ before sic thingis as wald fall,
 Quhat lyf, quhat deid, quhat destany & werd, 555
 Prevydit war to euery man in erd.
 Appollo þan for his abusioun,
 Quhilk Is þe god of divinacioun,
 For he vsurpit in his faculte,
 Put him till hell, & þar remanis he.² 560
 Bot orpheus has wone erudices,
 Quhen ou~~r~~ desyre w~~i~~th resoun makis peß,
 And sekis wp to contemplacioun,
 Of syn detestand þe abusioun.
 Bot Ilk man suld be war, & wysly se 565
 That he bakwart cast nocht his myndis E,
 Gevand consent, and dilectacioun,
 Off wardlie lust for þe effectioun ;
 For þan gois bakwart to þe syn agane
 Our appetit, as It befor was slane 570
 In wardlie lust and sensualite,
 And makis resoun wedow for to be.
 Now pray we god sen ou~~r~~ affectioun
 Is allway prompe & redy to fall down,
 That he wald helpe ws w~~i~~th his haly hand 575
 Of manteinans, & gif ws grace to stand
 In parfyte luf, as he Is glorius.
 And þus endis þe tale of orpheus.

Explicit þe buke of orpheus.

¹ Cf. pp. 64, 85.² See note (No. 2) on p. 64.

C.

ORPHEUS & EURYDICE.¹

F. 317 b. **T**HE nobilnes and grit magnificens
 of prince and lord, quhai list to magnifie,
 his ancestre and lineall discens
 Suld first extoll, and his genologie,
 So þat his harte he mycht inclyne *þair*by 5
 The moir to vertew and to worthineß,
 herand reherß his elderis gentilneß.

IT is contrair the lawis of nature
 A gentill man to be degenerat,
 Nocht following of his progenitour 10
 The worthe rewl, and þe lordly estait;
 A ryall rynk for to be rusticat
 Is bot a monsture in *comparesoun*,
 had in dispyt and full derisioun.

ISAY this be þe grit lordis of grew, 15
 quhich set *þair* hairt, and all *þair* hail curage,
 Thair faderis steppis Iustly to *persew*,
 Eiking the wirschep of *þair* he lenage;
 The anseane and sad wyse ² men of age
 Wer tendouris to jung and Insolent, 20
 To mak *þame* in all vertewis excellent.

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand.² MS. 'sadwyse.'

[BANNATYNE

F. 318 a. Lyk as a strand, or watter of a spring,¹
 haldis þe sapour of þe fontell well,
 So did in grece ilk lord and worthy king,
 of forbearis thay tuk knowlege and smell, 25
 Among þe quhilk of ane I think to tell;
 Bot first his gentill generatioun
 I sall reherß, ~~wit~~ your correctioun.

Vpone the mont of elecone,²
The most famous of all arrabea, 30
A goddes dwelt, excellent in bewte,
gentill of blude, callit memoria ;
Quhilk Iupiter that goddes to wyfe *can* ta,
And carnaly hir knew, and eftir syne,
apone a day bare him fair dochteris nyne. 35

The first in grew wes callit euterpe,
In our language gud delectatioun ;
The secound maid clippit melpomyne,
As hony sueit in modelatioun ;
Thersycore is gud instructioun
of every thing, the thrid sister, I wif,
Thus out of grew in latyne translait Is.

Caliope, that madin merualouß,
The ferd sistir, of all mysik maistrefß,
and mother to þe king ßir orpheouß, 45
quhilk throw his wyfe wes efter king of traiß ;
Clio, the fyift, þat now is a goddeß,
In latyne callit meditatioun,
of every thing þat hes creatioun.

¹ Cf. pp. 28, 29.

² MS. 'electone.'

BANNATYNE]

The sext sister is callit herato, 50
 quhilk drawis lyk to lyk in every thing ;
 The sevint lady was fair polimio,
 quhilk cowl a thowsand sangis sueitly sing ;
 Talia syne, quhilk can our saulis bring
 In profound wit and grit agilite, 55
 Till vndirstand and haif capacitie.

Vrania, the nynt and last of all,
 In greik langage, quha cowl it rycht expound,
 Is callit armony celestially,
 Reiosing men with melody and sound. 60
 Amang thir nyne calliope wes cround,
 And maid a quene be mighty god phebus,
 off quhome he gat this prince for orpheous.

F. 318 b. No wondir wes thocht he wes fair and wyse,
 gentill and gud, full of liberalitie, 65
 his fader god, and his progenetryse
 a goddes, finder of all armony :
 quhen he wes borne scho set him on hir kne,
 and gart him souk of hir twa paupis quhyte
 The sueit lecour of all mvsik perfyte. 70

Incessand sone to manheid vp he drew,
 off statur large, and frely fair of face ;
 [H]Is noble fame so far it sprang and grew,
 Till at þe last t[h]e mighty quene of trace,
 excelland fair, haboundand in riches, 75
 a message send vnto þat prince so ying,
 Requyrand him to wed hir and be king.

[BANNATYNE

Euridices this lady had to name ;
 and quhene scho saw this prince so glorius,
 hir erand to propone scho *thocht* no schame, 80
witʰ wordis sueit, and blenkis amorous,
 Said, 'welcum, lord and lufe, *schir* orpheus,
 In this provynce ʒe salbe king and lord !'
 Thay kissit syne, and thus thay can accord.

Betuix orpheus and fair erudices, 85
 fra þai wer weddit, on fra day to day
 The low of lufe cowlʰ kyndill and increß,
witʰ mirtʰ, and blytʰness, solace, and *witʰ* play
 off wardly Ioy ; allace, quhat sall I say ?
 Lyk till a flour þat plesandly will spring, 90
 quhilk fadis sone, and endis *witʰ* murnyng.

I say this be erudices the quene,
 quhilk walkit furtʰ in to a may mornyng,
 Bot *witʰ* a madyn, vntill a medow grene,
 To tak þe air, and se the *flouris* spring ; 95
 quhair in a schaw, neir by this lady ʒing,
 a busteous hird callit arresteus,
 kepend his beistis, lay vndir a bus.

And quhen he saw this lady solitar,
 bairfut, *witʰ* schankis quhyter than the snaw, 100
 preckit *witʰ* lust, he *thocht* *witʰ*houtin mair
 hir till oppreß, and to his cave hir draw :
 Dreidand for evill scho fled, quhen scho him saw ;
 and as scho ran, all bairfute, on a bus
 Scho strampit on a serpent vernemuß. 105

BANNATYNE]

This crewall venome wes so penetrife,
 F. 319a. As natur is of [all] mortall pvsoun,
 I[n] peis^{is} small this quen^{is} harte can rife,
 and scho ~~an~~none fell on a deidly swoun :
 Seand this caiß, proserpyne maid hir¹ boun, 110
 quhilk clepit is the goddes infernall,
 ontill ² hir court this gentill quene can call.

And quhen scho vaneist was and vnwisible,
 hir madyn wepit ~~wit~~ a wofull cheir,
 cryand ~~wit~~ mony schowt and voce terrible, 115
 quhill at þe last king orpheus can heir,
 and of hir cry the causß sone cowl~~h~~ he speir.
 Scho said, 'allace ! euridiceß, ~~30ur~~ quene,
 Is ~~wit~~ þe phary tane befoir my Ene.'

This noble king inflammit all in yre, 120
 and rampand as a lyoun rewanuß,
 With awfull luke, and Ene glowand as fyre,
 sperid the maner, and þe maid said thuß :
 'Scho strampit on a serpent venemuß,
 and fell on swoun ; ~~wit~~ þat þe quene of fary 125
 claw~~ht~~ hir vpsone, and furt~~h~~ ~~wit~~ hir cowl~~h~~ cary.'

Quhen scho had said, the king sichit full soir,
 his hairt neir birst for verry dule and wo ;
 half out of mynd, he maid no tary moir,
 bot tuk his harp, and on to wod cowl~~h~~ go, 130
 wrinkand his hand^{is}, walkand to and fro,
 quhill he mycht stand, syne sat down on a stone,
 and till his harp thuß gait [he] maid his mone.

¹ MS. 'him' : 'hir' has been written in the margin in a later hand. Cf. p. 35.

² See p. 35.

[BANNATYNE

‘ O dulfel herp, *witʰ* mony dully string,
 turne all thy mirth and mvsik in murning, 135
 and seif of all thy sutell songis sueit ;
 now weip *witʰ* me, thy lord and cairfull king,
 quhilk lossit hes in erd all his lyking ;
 and all thy game thow change in gole, and greit,
 Thy goldin pymnis *witʰ* mony teiris weit ; 140
 and all my pane for ¹ till report thow preif,
 cryand *witʰ* me, in every steid and streit,
 “ quhair art thow gone, my luve ewridicef ? ” ’

Him to reiof 3it playit he a spring,
 quhill þat þe fowlis of þe wid can sing, 145
 and treis darsit *witʰ* þair levis grene,
 him to deuod from his grit womenting ;
 Bot all in vane, that wailzeit no thing,
 his hairt wes so vpoun his lusty quene ;
 The bludy teiris sprang out of his ene, 150
 F. 319 b. Thair wes no solace mycht his sobbing sef,
 bot cryit ay, *witʰ* cairis cauld and kene,
 ‘ quhair art thow gone, my lufe euridicef ? ’

‘ Fair weill my place, fair weill plesandis and play,
 and wylcum woddis wyld and wilsum way, 155
 my wicket werd in wildirnef to ware ;
 my rob ryell, and all my riche array,
 changit salbe in rude russet and gray,
 my dyademe in till a hate of hair ;
 my bed salbe *witʰ* beuer, brok, and bair, 160
 in buskis bene *witʰ* mony busteous bef,
*witʰ*owttin song, sayand *witʰ* siching sair,
 “ quhair art thow gone, my luve euridicef ? ”

¹ MS. ‘ foll. ’

BANNATYNE]

'I the beseik, my fair fadir phebuß,
 Haif pety of thy awin sone orpheuß ; 165
 wait thow *nocht* weill I am thy sone and chyld?
 now heir my plaint, *peinfull*¹ and peteuß ;
 Direk me fro this deid so doloruß,
 Quhilk gois thus *witkouttin* gilt begyld ;
 Lat *nocht* thy face *wit* cluddis to be oursyld ; 170
 Len me thy *lycht*, and lat me *nocht* go leiß,
 To find þat fair in fame þat was neur fyld,
 My lady quene and lufe, euridices.

'O Iupiter, thow god celestiall,
 and grants*chir* to my self, on the I call 175
 To mend my *mvrning* and my drery mone ;
 Thow gif me forß, þat [I] *nocht* fant nor fall,
 Till I hir fynd ; forsuth seik hir I sall,
 and now*þir* stint nor stand for stok nor stone.
 Throw thy godheid grant² me quhair scho is gone, 180
 gar hir appeir, and put my hairt in peß.'
 King orpheuß thus, *wit* his harp allone,
 Soir weipand for his wyfe euridices.

Quhen endit wer thir songis lamentable,
 he tuk his harp and on his breist can hing, 185
 Syne passit to þe hevin, as sayis the fable,
 To seik his wyfe, bot þat welzeid no thing :
 By wedlingis streit he went but tareing,
 Syne come doun throw þe speir of saturne ald,
 Quhilk fadir is to all þe stormis³ cald. 190

Quhen scho wes socht outhrow þat cauld regioun,
 F. 320 a. Till Iupiter his grands*chir* can he wend,
 quhilk rewit soir his lamentatioun,
 and gart his spheir be socht fro end to end ;

¹ MS. apparently 'pelfull.'² Cf. p. 39.³ Cf. readings on pp. 38, 39.

[BANNATYNE

Scho was *nocht* thair ; and doun he can descend 195
 Till mars, þe god of battell and of stryfe,
 and socht his spheir, ʒit gat he *nocht* his wyfe.

Than went he doun till his fadir phebus,
 god of þe sone, *witʰ* bemis brycht and cleir ;
 bot quhen he saw his awin sone orpheuʃ 200
 In sic a plicht, þat changit all his cheir,
 and gart *annone* ga seik throw all his spheir ;
 bot all in vane, his lady come *nocht* thair :
 he tuk his leif and to venus can fair.

Quhen he hir saw, he knelit and said thuʃ : 205
 ‘wait ʒe *nocht* weill I am ʒour awin trew knycht?
 In luve none leler than *schir* orpheuʃ ;
 And ʒe of luve goddaʃ, and most of nicht,
 of my lady help me to get a sicht.’
 ‘For sur,’ *quod* scho, ‘ʒe mone seik nedirmair.’ 210
 Than fra venus he tuk his leif but mair.

Till *mercury* but tary is he gone,
 quhilk callit is þe god of eloquens,
 bot of his wyfe thair gat he knowlege none.
witʰ wofull hairt he passit doun frome thens ; 215
 on to þe mone he maid no residens :
 Thus from þe hevin he went onto þe erd,
 ʒit be þe way sum melody he lerd.

In his passage among þe planeitis all,
 he hard a hevinly melody and sound, 220
 passing all instrumentis musicall,
 causit be rollyn of þe speiris round ;
 Quhilk armony of all this mappamound,
 Quhilk moving seiʃ vnyt *perpetuall*,
 Quhilk of this world pluto þe saule can call. 225

BANNATYNE]

Thair leirit he tonis proportionat,
 as duplare, triplare, and emetricus,
 enolius, and eik þe quadruplait,
 Epoddeus *rycht* hard and curius ;
 off all thir sex, sueit and delicius, 230
rycht consonant fyfe hevinly symphonyß
 componyt ar, as clerkis can devyse.

F. 320 b. First diatesserone, full sueit, I wiß,
 And dyapasone, semple and dowplait,
 And dyapenty, componyt *witþ* þe dyß ; 235
 Thir makis fyve of thre mvltiplicat :
 This mirry mvsik and mellefluat,
 Compleit and full of nummeris od and evin,
 Is causit be þe moving of þe hevin.

Off sic mvsik to wryt I do bot doit, 240
 Thairfoir of this mater a stray I lay,
 For in my lyfe I cowntþ nevir sing a noit ;
 bot I will tell how orpheus tuk the way,
 To seik his wyfe attour the grauis gray,
 hungry and cauld, *witþ* mony wilsum wone, 245
*Witþ*houttin gyd, he and his harp allone.

he passit furth the space of twenty dayis,
 fer and full fer, and ferrer than I can tell,
 and ay he fand streitis and reddy wayis ;
 Till at þe last vnto the 3et of hell 250
 he come, and *þair* he fand a porter fell,
witþ thre heidis, wes callit serberus,
 a hound of hell, a monstour mervellus.

[BANNATYNE

Than orpheus began to be agast,
 Quhen he beheld þat vgly hellis hound ; 255
 he tuk his harp and on it playit fast,
 Till at þe last, throw sueitnes of þe sound,
 This dog slepit and fell down on þe ground ;
 Than orpheus attour his wame install,
 and neddirmair he went, as 3e heir sall. 260

He passit furt^h ontill a ryvir deip,
 our it a brig, and on it sisteris thre,
 quhilk had þe entre of þe brig to keip,
 Electo, mygra, and thesaphone,
 Turnit a quheill wes vgly for to se, 265
 and on it spred a man hecht exione,
 Rolland about rycht windir wo begone.

Than orpheus playd a Ioly spring,
 The thre susteris full fast thay fell on sleip,
 The vgly quheill seisit of hir quhirling ; 270
 Thus left wes none þe entre for to keip.
 Thane exione out of þe quheill gan creip,
 And stall away ; and orpheus annone,
 Wit^hout stopping, atour þe brig is gone.

Noc^ht far frome thyne he come vnto a flude,¹ 275
 Drubly and deip, and rythly down can rin,
 Quhair tantelus nakit full thristy stude,
 And 3it þe wattir 3eid aboif his chin ;
 quhen he gaipit þair wald no drop cum In ;
 quhen he dowkit þe watter wald discend ; 280
 Thus gat he noc^ht his thrist no mend.¹

F. 321 a.

¹ Cf. readings on pp. 46, 47.

BANNATYNE]

Befoir his face ane naple hang also,
 fast at his mowth vpoun a twynid [threid],
 quhen he gaipit, It rollit to and fro,
 and fled, as it refusit him to feid. 285
 Quhen orpheus thus saw him suffir neid,¹
 he tuk his harp and fast on it can clink :
 The wattir stud, and tantalus gat a drink.

Syne our a mvre, *wit* thornis thik and scherp,
 Wepand allone, a wilsum way he went, 290
 And had *nocht* bene throw suffrage of his harp,
Wit fell pikis he had bene schorne and schent ;
 As he blenkit, besyd him on þe bent
 he saw lyand speldit a wofull wycht,¹
 nalit full fast, and titius² he hecht. 295

And on his breist thair sat a grisly grip,
 quhilk *wit* his bill his belly throw can boir,
 both maw, myddret, hart, lever, and trip,
 he ruggit out—his panis was þe moir.
 Quhen orpheus thus saw him suffir soir, 300
 he tuke his herp and maid sueit melody—
 The grip is fled, and titius² left his cry.

Beyond this mvre he fand a feirfull³ streit,
 myrk as þe nycht, To pass *rycht* dengerus,
 For sliddreneß skant mycht he hald his feit, 305
 In quhilk þair wes a stynk *rycht* odiuß,
 That gydit him to hiddouß hellis houß,
 Quhair rodomantus and proserpina
 Wer king and quene ; and orpheus in *can* ga.

¹ Cf. readings on pp. 46, 47.² For 'Theseus' (pp. 46, 47).³ MS. 'feir full.'

[BANNATYNE

O dully place, [and] grundles deip dungeoun, 310
 furneß of fyre, and stink intollerable,
 pit of dispair, *wit*hout remissioun,
 Thy meit *wex*nome, Thy drink is pvsonable,
 Thy grit panis and to compt~~e~~ wnnwmerable ;
 Quhat creature *cumis* to dwell in the 315
 Is ay deand, and nevirmoir sall de.

F. 321 b. Thair fand he mony cairfull king and quene,
With croun on heid, *with*¹ braß full birnand,
 quhilk in pair lyfe full maisterfull had bene,
 and conquerouris of gold, richeß, and land. 320
 hector of troy, and priame, pair he fand ;
 and alexander for his wrang conqueist ;
 antiochus als for his foull incest.

And Iulius cesar for his foull crewaltie ;²
 and herod *with* his brudiris wyfe he saw ; 325
 and nero for his grit Iniquitie ;
 And pilot for his breking of þe law ;
 Syne vndir þat he lukit, and cowl~~h~~ know
 Cresus, that king none mychtiair on mold
 For cuvatyse, 3et full of birnand gold. 330

Thair saw he pharo, for the oppressioun
 of godis folk on quhilk the plaigis fell ;
 and sawll, for þe grit abusioun
 Was³ Iustice to þe folk of Israell ;
 Thair saw he acob and quene Iesabell, 335
 Quhilk silly nabot, þat wes a propheit trew,
 For his wyne 3aird *wit*houttin *mercy* slew.

¹ ? 'of.' Cf. pp. 48, 49.² Cf. readings on pp. 48, 49.³ Cf. readings on pp. 50, 51.

BANNATYNE]

Thair saw he mony paip and cardynall,
 In haly kirk quhilk did abusioun,
 and bischopis in pair pontificall, 340
 Be symonie and wrang Intrusioun ;
 abbottis and all men of religioun,
 For evill disponyng of pair place and rent,
 In flame of fyre wer bittirly torment.

Syne neddirmair he went quhair pluto was, 345
 and proserpyne, and hiddirwart he drew,
 Ay playand on his harp quhair he cowt^h paß ;
 Till at þe last erudices he knew,
 Lene and deidlyk, and peteous pail of hew,
 Rycht warsche and wane, and walluid as þe weid, 350
 hir lilly lyre wes lyk vnto þe leid.

Quod he, ' my lady leill, and my delyt,
 Full wo is me to se þow changit thus ;
 quhair is þour rude as roß *with* cheikis quhyte,
 þour cristell ene *with* blenkis amorus, 355
 þour lippis reid to kiß delicius ?'
quod scho, ' as now I der *nocht* tell, *per fay* ;
 Bot þe sall wit þe cauß ane *vþir* day.'

F. 322 a. *Quod* pluto, ' *schir*, *thocht* scho be lyk ane elf,
 Scho hes no cauß to plenyne, and for quhy ? 360
 Scho fairis alsweill daylie as dois my self,
 or king herod for all his chevelry :
 It is langour þat putis hir in sic ply ;
 War scho at hame in hir cuntre of trace,
 Scho wald rewert full sone in [fax¹] and face.' 365

¹ There is a blank space here in the MS. See the readings on pp. 52, 53.

[BANNATYNE

Than orpheus befor pluto sat doun,
 And in his handis quhit his herp *can* ta,
 And playit mony sueit proportioun,
With baiß tonis in Ipotdorica,
With gemilling in yporlerica ; 370
 quhill at þe last for rew*t* and grit petie,
 Thay weipit soir, þat cowl*t* him heir or se.

Than proserpene and pluto bad him aß
 his waresoun ; and he wald haif *rycht* nocht
 Bot licience *with* his wyfe away to paß 375
 To his cuntre, þat he so far had socht.
Quod proserpyne, 'sen I hir hiddir brocht,
 We sall *nocht* *pairte* *without* *conditioun*.'
Quod he, 'þairto I mak promissioun.'

'Euridices than be þe hand thow tak, 380
 and paß thi way, bot vndirneth this pane :
 Gife thow turnis or blenkis behind thy bak,
 We sall hir haif to hell for evir agane.'
 Thocht this was hard, 3it orpheus was fane,
 and on thay *went*, talkand of play and sport, 385
 Till thay almost come to þe outward port.

Thus orpheus, *with* inwart lufe repleit,
 So blindit was *with* grit effectioun,
 pensyfe in hart apone his lady sueit,
 Remembrit *nocht* his hard *conditioun*. 390
 Quhat will 3e moir? in schort *conclusioun*,
 he blent bakwart, and pluto come *an*none,
 And on to hell *with* hir agane is gone.

BANNATYNE]

Allace ! it wes grit pety for to heir
 of orpheus the weping and þe wo, 395
 how his lady, þat he had bocht so deir,
 Bot for a luk so sone wes tane him fro.
 flatlingis he fell, and nicht no fordir go,
 And lay a quhyle in swoun and extasy ;
 F. 322 b. Quhen he ourcome, this out of lufe gan cry : 400

‘Quhat art thow, luve, how sall I the defyne ?
 Bittir and sueit, crewall and *merciabile*,
 plesand to sum, to vþir plent and pyne,
 Till sum constant, to vthir variable ;
 hard is thy law, thy bandis vnbrekable ; 405
 Quho seruis the, thocht thay be nevir so trew,
 Perchance sum tyme thay sall haif caus to rew.

‘Now find I weill this proverb trew,’ *quod* he,
 “hart on the hurd, and handis on þe soir ;
 Quhair luve gois, on foris mone turne the E.”¹ 410
 I am expart, and wo is² me þairfoir,
 Bot for a luke my lady is forloir.’
 Thus chydand on witþ luve, our burne and bent,
 A wofull wedo hamewart is he went.

MORALITAS.

NOW, wirthy folk, boece, þat senatour, 415
 To wryt this fenzeit fable tuk in cure,
 In his gay buke of consolatioun,
 For our doctrene and gud instructioun ;
 quhilk in þe self suppois it fenzeid be,
 and hid vndir þe cloik of poetre, 420

¹ See pp. 54, 55.² MS. ‘wois.’

[BANNATYNE

- ȝit maister trivat doctour nicholaß,
 quhilk in his tyme a noble theologe waß,
 Applyis it to gud moralitie,
 rycht full of fructe and seriositie.
 Fair phebus is þe god of sapience ; 425
 Caliope, his wyfe, is eloquence ;
 Thir twa mareit gat orpheus belyfe,
 Quhilk callit is the *pairte* intelletyfe
 Off manis saule, and vndirstanding fre,
 And seperat fra sensualitie. 430
 Euridices is our effectioun,
 Be fantasy oft movit vp and down ;
 Quhile to ressonne it castis the delyte,
 Quhyle to the flesche it settis the appetyte.
 Arestius, this [hird ¹] þat cowth persew 435
 Euridices, is nocht bot gud vertew,
 That bissy is to keip our myndis clene ;
 Bot quhen we fle outthrow þe medow grene
 F. 323 a. Fra vertew, till þis worldis vane plesans,
 myngit *wit* cair and full of variance, 440
 The serpentis stang, þat is þe deidly syn,
 That posownis þe saule *wit*hout and in ;
 And than is deid, and ¹ eik oppressit down
 Till wardly lust, and all our affectioun.
 Thane *per*fyte wisdom weipis wondir soir, 445
 Seand thus gait our appetyte misfair ;
 And to þe hevin he passit vp belyfe,
 Schawand to ws þe lyfe contemplatyfe,
 The *per*fyte wit, and eik þe fervent lue
 We suld haif allway to þe hevin abuve ; 450
 Bot seildin þair our appetyte is fundin,
 It is so fast *wit*hin þe body bundin ;

¹ See pp. 56, 57.

BANNATYNE]

Thairfoir dounwart we cast our myndis E,
 Blindit *wit* lust, and may *nocht* vpwartis fle ;
 Sould our desyre be socht vp in þe spheiris, 455
 Quhen it is tedderit in þir warldly breiris,
 Quhyle on þe flesch, quhyle on þis warldis wrak :
 And to þe hevin full small intent we tak.
Schir orpheus, thow seikis all in vane
 Thy wyfe so he ; Thairfoir cum doun agane, 460
 and [pas¹] vnto þe monster mervellus,
Wit thre heidis, þat we call cerberus,
 Quhilk fenȝeid is to haif so mony heidis,
 For to be takin thre maner of deidis.
 The first is in the tendir ȝong bernage, 465
 The secound deid is in þe middill age,
 The thrid is in greit eild quhen men ar tane.
 Thus cerberus to swelly sparis nane,
 Bot quhen our mynd is myngit *wit* sapience,¹
 and plais vpoun þe herp of eloquence ; 470
 That is to say, makis *persuasioun*
 To draw our will and our affectioun,
 In every eild, fra syn and fowll delyte,
 The dog our sawll na power hes to byte.
 The secound monstour[is] ar the sistiris thre, 475
 Electo, migera, and thesaphany,
 Ar *nocht* ellis, in bukis as we reid,
 Bot wickit thocht, ill word, and thrawart deid.
 Electo is þe bolling of the harte,
 Mygera the wickit word inwart, 480
 Thesaphony is operatioun,
 That makis fynall executioun
 In deidly syn ; and thir thre turnis ay
 The vgly quheill, is *nocht* ellis to say,

¹ See pp. 58, 59.

[BANNATYNE

F. 323 b. Bot worldly men sumtyme ar cassin he 485
 vpone þe quheill, in gret prosperitie,
 and *wit* a quhirle, onwarly, or þai wait,
 ar thrawin doun to pure and law estait.
 Off exione þat on þe quheill wes spreid,
 I sall 3ow tell of sum *pairte*, as I haif red : 490
 he was of lyfe brukle and lecherouß,
 and in þat craft hardy and curaguß,
 That he wald lue in to no lawar place
 Bot Iuno, quene of nature and goddace.
 And on a day he went vp on þe sky, 495
 and socht Iuno, thinkand *wit* hir to ly :
 Scho saw him cum and knew his foull intent.
 a rany clud one fra þe firmament
 Scho gart discend, and kest betuix þame two ;
 and in þat clud his nature 3eid him fro, 500
 off quhilk was generat þe sentowriß,
 half man, half horß, vpoun a ferly wiß.
 Thane for þe inwart craving¹ and offens
 That Iuno tuke for his grit violens,
 Scho send him doun vnto þe sistiris thre, 505
 Vpone a quheill ay turnyt for to be.
 Bot quhen ressoun and *perfyte* sapience
 playis vpone þe herp of eloquens,²
 and *persuadis* our fleschly appetyte
 To leif þe *thocht* of þis worldly delyte, 510
 Than seisß of our hert þe wicket will,
 Fra frawart language than the tong is still,
 Our synfull deid*is* fallis doun on sleip,
 Thane exione out of þe quheill gan creip ;
 That is to say, the grit solitud, 515
 Quhyle vp, quhyle doun, to win this world*is* gud,
 seisß furt*with*, and our affectioun
 waxis quiet in cōtemplatioun.

¹ Cf. readings on pp. 60, 61.

² See pp. 60, 61 (footnote).

BANNATYNE]

THIS tantalus, of quhome I spak of aire,
 quhill he leivit he was a gay ostlaire, 520
 and on a nycht come travilland þairby
 The god of riches, and tuk harbery
 w^{it}h tantalus; and he till his supper
 Slew his awin sone þat was [him]¹ leif and deir,
 Syne in a sew, w^{it}h spycis soddin weill, 525
 he gart þe god eit vp his flesche ilk deill.
 For this dispyt, quhen he wes deid annone,
 Was dampnit in þe flud of acherone,
 Till suffer hungir, thirst, nakit and cawld,
 F. 324 a. Rycht wo begone, as I befor haif tould. 530
 This hungry man and thirsty, tantalus,
 Betaknis men gredy and couetouß,
 The god of riches þat ar ay reddy
 For to ressaif, and tak in harbery;
 And till him sieth his sone in pecis small, 535
 That is þe flesch and blud, w^{it}h grit travell,
 To full þe bag, and neuir fund in thair hairt
 Vpoun þame self to spend, nor tak þair *pairte*.
 Allace, in erd quhair is thair mair foly,
 Than for to want, and haif haboundantly, 540
 Till haif distreß on bed, on bak and burd,
 And spair till wyn [of]¹ men of gold a hurd?
 And in þe nycht sleip soundly thay may nocht,
 To gaddir geir so gredy is thair tho^{cht}.
 Bot quhen [that] ressoun and intelligence 545
 Smytis vpoun þe herp of conscience,²
 Schawand to ws quhat *perrell* on ilk syd
 That þai incur quhay will trest or confyd
 Into þis warld's vane prosperitie,
 quhilk hes thir sory properteis thre, 550

¹ Cf. readings on pp. 62, 63.² See pp. 62, 63 (footnote).

[BANNATYNE]

That is to say, gottin *wit* grit labour,
 Keipit *wit* dreid, and tynt *wit* grit dolour.
 This grit avariß, be grace quha vndirstud,
 I trow suld leif þair grit solicitude
 off ythand thochtis and he besines 555
 To gaddir gold, [and] syne leif in distres;
 Bot he suld eit and drink quhen evir he list
 off cuvatyse, to slaik þe birnand thirst.
 This titius¹ lay nalit on þe bent,
 And [with] þe grip his bowellis revin and rent, 560
 Quhill he levit, he set al his² intentioun
 To find þe craft of diuinatioun,
 and lyrit it vnto þe spamen³ all,
 To tell befoir sic thingis as wald befall,
 quhat lyfe, quhat deth, quhat destany and werd, 565
 provydit ware vnto every man on erd.
 Appollo than for this abusioun,
 Quhilk is þe god of diuinatioun,
 for he vsurpit of his facultie,
 put him to hell, and þair remanis he.⁴ 570
 Ilk man þat heiris þis conclusioun
 Suld dreid to serß be constillatioun
 F. 324 b. Thingis to fall vndir þe firmament,
 Till 3e or na quhilk ar indefferent,
 Witouth profixit cauß and certane, 575
 quhilk nane in erd may know bot god allane.
 Quhen orpheus vpoun his harp can play,
 That is our vndirstanding for to say,
 Cryis, 'o man, recleme þi folich harte,
 Will thow be god and tak on the his parte? 580
 To tell thingis to cum þat neuir wilbe,
 Quhilk god hes kept in his preuetie?

¹ Cf. p. 76 (and see footnote).² MS. 'alhis.'³ MS. 'spyne.' See pp. 64, 65.⁴ Cf. pp. 64, 65 (and see footnote).

BANNATYNE]

Thow ma no mair offend to god of nicht,
 Na *wit* *hi* spaying reif fra him his richt ;
 This *perfyte* wisdome *wit* his melody 585
 fleyis *þe* spreit of fenzeid profecy,
 and drawis vpwart our affectioun.¹
 Fra wichcraft, spaying, and sorcery,
 and superstitioun of astrology,
 Saif allanerly sic maner of thingis 590
 quhilk vpoun trew and certane causß hingis,
 The quhilk mone cum to þair caus indure,
 On verry forß, and *nocht* throw avanture,
 As is *þe* clippis and *þe* *coniunctioun*
 of sone and mone be calculatioun, 595
 The quhilk ar fundin in trew astronomy,
 Be moving of *þe* speiris in *þe* sky ;
 All thir to speik it may be tollerable,
 And none vdir quhilk no causß stable.
 This vgly way, this myrk and dully streit, 600
 Is *nocht* ellis bot blinding of *þe* spreit,
Wit myrk cluddis and myst of Ignorance,
 affetterrit in þis warldis vane plesance,
 And bissines of temporalite ;
 To kene *þe* self a styme it may *nocht* se, 605
 For *stammeris*² on eftir effectioun,
 Fra Ill to war ale thus to hale gois down,
 That is wanhowp³ throw lang hanþing of syn,
 and fowll dispair þat mony fallis In.
 Than orpheus our ressoun is full wo, 610
 and twichis on his harp and biddis ho,
 Till our desyre and fulich appetyte
 Bidis leif þis warldis full delyte.

¹ A line appears to be omitted.² MS. 'scammeris.'³ MS. 'wan howp.'

[BANNATYNE]

Than pluto, god and quene of hell's fyre,
 Mone grant to ressoun on forð the desyre. 615
 F. 325 a. Than orpheus hes wone euridices,
 Quhen our desyre *wit*h ressoun makis peß,
 And seikis vp to contemplatioun,
 of syn de[te]stand þe abutioun.
 Bot ilk man suld be wyse, and warly se 620
 That he bakwart cast *nocht* his myndis E,
 Gifand consent, and delectatioun,
 off fleschly lust and for þe affectioun;
 for thane gois bakwart to þe sone¹ agane
 our appetyte, as it befor was slane, 625
 In wardly lust and vane prosperite,
 and makis ressoun wedow for to be.

NOW pray we god sen our affectioun
 Is allway promp and reddy to fall doun,
 That he wald vndirput his haly hand 630
 of mantenans, and gife ws forð to stand
 In *per*fyte lue, as he is glorius.
 And thus endis þe taill of orpheus.

Finis: *quod* m̃. R. H.¹ Cf. readings on pp. 64, 65.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE

[ROBENE AND MAKYNE.]

F. 365 a.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,
 Kepand a flok of fe :
 mirry makyne said him till,
 ‘Robene, thow rew on me ;
 I haif the luvit lowd and still,
 Thir 3eiris two or thre ;
 my dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
 Downtleß but dreid I de.’

5

Robene anßuerit, ‘be þe rude,
 nathing of lufe I know,
 Bot keipis my scheip vndir 3one wid,
 Lo quhair thay raik on raw :
 quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
 makyne, to me thow schaw ;
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude ?
 Fane wald I leir that law.’

10

15

‘At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
 Tak thair ane a b c :
 be heynd, courtaß, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and fre ;
 So þat no denger do the deir,
 quhat dule in dern thow dre ;
 preiß the *wit* pane at all poweir,
 be patient and previe.’

20

[BANNATYNE]

Robene an^swerit hir agane, 25
 'I wait *nocht* quhat is luve ;
 Bot I haif *me*vell incertane
 Quhat makⁱs the this *wa*rufe :
 The weddir is fair, & I am fane,
 my scheip gois haill aboif ; 30
 And we wald play ws in this plane,
 Thay wald ws bayt^h reproif.'

F. 365 b. 'Robene, tak tent vnto my taill,
 And wirk all as I reid,
 And thow sall haif my hairt all haill, 35
 Eik and my madinheid.
 Sen god sendis bute for baill,
 And for *mv*rnyng remeid,
 I dern *wit*^h the, bot gif I daill,
 Dowltes I am bot deid.' 40

'Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,
 And 3e will meit me heir,
 Peraenture my scheip ma *gang* besyd,
 quhill we haif liggit full neir ;
 Bot mawgre haif I and I byd, 45
 Fra thay begin to steir ;
 quhat lyis on hairt I will *nocht* hyd ;
 makyn, than mak gud cheir.'

'Robene, thow reivis me roif and rest ;
 I luve bot the allone.' 50
 'Makyne, adew, 3e sone gois west,
 The day is neir hand gone.'
 'Robene, in dule I am so drest,
 That lufe wilbe my bone.'
 'Ga lufe, makyne, quhair evir thow list, 55
 For *lemman* I lue¹ none.'

¹ MS. 'lie.'

BANNATYNE]

‘Robene, I stand in sic a styll ;
 I sicht, and þat full sair.’
 ‘makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle ;
 at hame god gif I wair.’ 60
 ‘my huny, robene, talk ane quhill,
 gif thow will do na mair.’
 ‘makyne, sum *vbir* man begyle,
 For hamewart I will fair.’

Robene on his wayis went, 65
 als licht as leif of tre ;
 mawkin mvrnit in hir intent,
 and trowd him nevir to se.
 Robene brayd attour þe bent ;
 Than mawkyne cryit on hie, 70
 ‘Now ma thow sing, for I am schent !
 quhat alis lufe at me?’

Mawkyne went hame w^{it}howttin faill,
 Full very eftir cowt^h weip :
 Than robene in a ful fair¹ daill 75
 Assemblit all his scheip.

F. 366 a.

Be that sum *pairte* of mawkynis aill
 Outthrow his hairt coud creip ;
 he fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,
 and till hir tuke gude keip. 80

‘Abyd, abyd, thow fair makyne,
 a word for ony thing ;
 For all my lufe it salbe thyne,
 W^{it}howttin depairting.
 all haill, thy harte for till haif myne 85
 Is all my cuvating ;
 my scheip to morne quhill houris nyne
 Will neid of no keping.’

¹ MS. ‘fulfair.’

[BANNATYNE

'Robene, thow hes hard sounȝ & say,
 In gestis and storeis auld, 90
 The man þat will *nocht* quhen he may
 sall haif *nocht* quhen he wald.
 I pray to Jesu every day
 mot eik þair cairis cauld,
 þat first preisþ *witȝ* the to play, 95
 be firth, forrest, or fawld.'

'Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme & fair,
 And the grene woid rycht neir ws by
 To walk attour all quhair; 100
 Thair ma na Ianglowr ws espy,
 That is to lufe contrair;
 Thairin, makyne, bath ȝe & I
 Vnsene we ma repair.'

'Robene, that warld is all away 105
 and quyt brocht till ane end,
 and nevir agane *thairto* *per*fay
 Sall it be as thow wend;
 For of my pane thow maid it play,
 and all in vane I spend; 110
 as thow hes done, sa sall I say,
 mvrne on, I think to mend.'

'Mawkyne, the howp of all my heill,
 my hairt on the is sett,
 and evirmair to the be leill, 115
 quhill I may leif but lett;
 nevir to faill, as *vþeris* feill,
 quhat grace þat evir I gett.'

F. 366 b.

'Robene, *witȝ* the I will *nocht* deill;
 Adew, for thus we mett.' 120

BANNATYNE]

Malkyne went hame blyth anewche,
Attour þe holttis hair ;
Robene mvrnit, and Malkyne lewche ;
Scho sang, he sichit sair ;
and so left him, bayth wo & wrewche, 125
In dolour & in cair,
Kepand his hird vnder a huche,
amangis the holtis hair.

quod : m̄r robert henrysone.

THE BLUDY SERK

THE BLUDY SERK.¹

F. 325 a.

THIS hundir 3eir I hard be tald
 Thair was a worthy king ;
 Dukis, erlis, and barronis bald
 He had at his bidding.
 The lord was anceane and ald,
 And sixty 3eir is cowlz ring ;
 he had a dochter fair to fald,
 a lusty lady 3ing.

5

Off all fairheid scho bur þe flour,
 And eik hir faderis air,
 Off lusty laitis and he honoʒr,
 Meik bot and debonair.
 Scho wyʒnit in a bigly bour ;
 On fold wes none so fair ;
 princis luvit hir paramoʒr,
 In cuntreis our all quhair.

10

15

Thair dwelt alyt besyde þe king
 A fowl gyane of ane ;
 stollin he hes the lady 3ing,
 away witʒ hir is gane,

20

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand.

[BANNATYNE]

F. 325 A.

and kest hir in his dungering,
 Quhair licht scho nicht se nane ;
 hungir and cauld and grit thristing
 Scho fand in to hir wane.¹

He wes þe laithliet on to luk 25
 þat on þe ground mycht gang ;
 His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
 Thairw~~it~~th fyve quarteris lang.
 Thair wes nane þat he ourtuk,
 In r~~ycht~~^{ycht} or ʒit in wrang, 30
 Bot all in schondir he þame schuke—
 The gyane wes so strang.

He held þe lady day and nycht
 W~~it~~^{ith}in his deip dungeoun ;
 he wald noc~~ht~~^{ht} gif of hir a sicht, 35
 for gold nor ʒit ransoun,
 Bot gife þe king my~~cht~~^{cht} get a knycht,
 To fecht w~~it~~^{ith} his persoun—
 To fecht w~~it~~^{ith} him bot~~h~~^h day and n~~ycht~~^{ycht},
 quhill ane wer dungin doun. 40

The king gart seik baith fer and neir,
 beth be se and land,
 off ony kny~~cht~~^{cht} gife he nicht heir
 wald fecht w~~it~~^{ith} þat gyand.
 a worthy prince þat had no peir 45
 hes tane þe deid on hand,
 For þe lue of þe lady cleir,
 and held full trew cu~~ʒ~~^ʒnand.

¹ MS. 'wame' or 'waine.'

BANNATYNE]

That prince come proudly to þe toun
 of þat gyane to heir, 50
 and fawcht *witʰ* him his awin *persoun*,
 and tuke him presoneir ;
 And kest him In his awin dungeoun,
 allane *witʰouttin* feir,
Witʰ hungir, cauld, and *confusioun*, 55
 As full weill worthy weir.

F. 326 a.

Syne brak þe bour, had hame þe bricht,
 Vnto hir fadir deir ;
 Sa evill wondit was þe knycht
 That he behuvit to de. 60
 Vnlusum was his likame dicht,
 His sark was all bludy ;
 In all þe warld was þair a wicht
 So peteous for to sy ?

The lady murnyt and maid grit mone, 65
Witʰ all hir mekle nicht :
 ‘ I luvit nevir lufe bot one,
 þat dulfully now is dicht.
 God sen my lyfe were fra me tone,
 or I had sene ʒone sicht, 70
 or ellis in begging evir to gone
 furtʰ *witʰ* ʒone curtaʒ knycht.’

he said, ‘ fair lady, now mone I
 De, trestly ʒe me trow ;
 Tak ʒe my sark þat is bludy, 75
 and hing It forrow ʒow ;

[BANNATYNE

first think on it, and syne on me,
 quhen men cumis zow to wow.'
 The lady said, 'be mary fre,
 Thairto I mak a wow.'

80

Quhen þat scho lukit to þe serk,
 Scho tho~~cht~~ on þe persoun,
 and prayit for him wi~~th~~ all hir harte,
 That lowsd hir of bandoun,
 quhair scho was wont to sit full merk
 In þat deip dungeoun;
 and evir quhill scho wes in quert,
 That waß hir a lessoun.

85

Sa weill þe lady luvit þe kny~~cht~~,
 þat no man wald scho tak.
 Sa suld we do our god of nicht,
 That did all for ws mak;
 quhilk fullely to deid wes dicht
 for sinfull manis saik;
 Sa suld we do both day and ny~~cht~~,
 Wi~~th~~ prayaris to him mak.

90

95

Moralitas.

This king is lyk þe trinitie,
 Baith in hevin and heir;
 The manis saule to þe lady;
 The gyane to lucefeir;
 The kny~~cht~~ to chryst, þat deit on tre,
 And coft our synnis deir;
 The pit to hell, wi~~th~~ panis fell;
 The syn to þe woweir.

100

F. 326 b.

BANNATYNE]

The lady was wowd, bot scho said nay, 105
Wit~~h~~ men~~n~~ þat wald hir wed ;
Sa suld we wryth all syn away,
That in our breistis bred.
I pray to Jesu chryst verrey,
For ws his blud þat bled, 110
To be our help on domysday,
quhair lawis are straitly led.

The saule is godis dochtir deir,
And eik his handewerk,
That was betrasit wit~~h~~ lucifeir, 115
quha sittis in hell full merk.
Borrowit wit~~h~~ chrystis angell cleir,
hend men~~n~~, will 3e noch~~t~~ herk ?
For his lufe þat bocht ws deir,
Think on þe bludy serk. 120

Finis : *quod* m̄ R. Henrici.

THE GARMONT OF GUD LADEIS

BANNATYNE]

[THE GARMONT OF GUDE LADEIS.]

F. 215 a.

WALD my gud lady lufe me best,
and wirk eftir my will,
I suld ane garmond gudliest
Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour suld be hir hud, 5
vpoun hir heid to weir,
garneist *witʰ* gouernance so gud,
na demyng suld hir deir.

Hir sark suld be hir body nixt,
Of chetetic so quhyt, 10
Witʰ schame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same suld be *perfy*t.

Hir kirtill suld be of clene constance,
Lasit *witʰ* lesum lufe,
The mailzeis of continwance 15
for nevir to remvfe.

Hir gown suld be of gudlineß,
Weill ribband *witʰ* renowne,
Purfillit *witʰ* plesour in ilk place,
furrit *witʰ* fyne fassoun. 20

[BANNATYNE

Hir belt suld be of benignitie,
 Abowt hir middill meit ;
 Hir mantill of humilitie,
 To tholl bayt^h wind & weit.

Hir hat suld be of fair having, 25
 And hir tepat of trewt^h ;
 Hir patelet of gud pansing ;
 Hir hals ribbane of rewt^h.

F. 218 b. Hir slevis suld be of esperance,
 To keip hir fra dispair ; 30
 hir gluis of gud gournaunce,
 to gyd hir fynȝearis fair.

Hir schone suld be of sickernes,
 In syne þat scho nocht slyd ;
 Hir hois of honestie, I ges, 35
 I suld for hir provyd.

Wald scho put on þis garmond gay,
 I durst sweir by my seill,
 That scho woir nevir grene nor gray
 That set hir half so weill. 40

Finis of þe garmont of
 gud ladeis. *quod* m̄r ro^t henrysoun.

THE PRAIS OF AIGE

[THE PRAIS OF AIGE.]

A.

MAKCULLOCH]

F. 87 a.

IN tyl ane garth, wndir ane reid rosier,
 ane ald man, & decrepit, hard I syng;
 gay wes þe noit, suet wes þe woce & cleyr:
 it wes grit ioy to heir of sic ane thing.
 ‘and to my dowme,’ he said, in his dittyng,
 ‘for to be ʒowng I wald *nocht*, for my wyß
 of al þis warld to mak me lord & kyng:
 þe moyr of age þe *nerar* hewynnyß blyß.

5

‘Fals is þis warld, and ful of waryance,
 ourset *wit* syt and *oþer* synnyß mo;
 now trewth is tynt, gyl his þe *gouernance*,
 and wrachitneß his *turnyt* al fra weil to vo;
 fredowme is flemyt al þe *lordis* fro,
 and cowatyce is al þe causß of þis;
 I am *content* þat ʒowthed is ago:
 þe moyr of age þe *nerar* hewynnyß blyß.

10

15

‘the stait of ʒowutht I reput for na gud,
 for in þat stait grit *perel* now I see;
can nane gane stand þe ragyne of his blud,
 na ʒit be stabil one til he agit be;
 þan in þe thing þat mast raioisit he
 na thing ramanyß for to be callit his;
 for quhy it wes bot *uerray* wanite:
 þe moyr of age þe *nerar* hewynnyß blyß.

20

[MAKCULLOCH

'this wrachit warld may na man trow, for quhy 25
 of erdly ioy ay sorow is þe end ;
 þe gloyr of it can na man certify,
 þe day a kyng, þe mornæ na thing to spend.
 quhat hef we heyr bot grace ws to defend ?
 þe quhilk god grant ws til amend *our* myß, 30
 þat til his ioy he may *our* saullis send :
 þe moyr of age þe nerar hewynnyß blyß.'

B.

[CHEPMAN & MYLLAR

F. 72 b.

WYTHIN a garth, vnder a rede rosere,
 Ane ald man, and decrepit, herd I syng ;
 Gay was the note, suete was the voce & ¹ clere :
 It was grete ioy to here of sik a thing.
 'And to my dome,' he said, in his dytyng, 5
 'For to be yong I wald not, for my wis
 Off all this warld to mak me lord & ¹ king :
 The more of age the nerar hevynnis blis.

'False is this warld, and full of variance,
 Besoucht with syn and other sytis mo ; 10
 Treuth is all tynt, gyle has the gouuernance,
 Wrechitnes has wroht all welthis wele to wo ;
 Fredome is tynt, and flemyt the lordis fro,
 And couatise is all the cause of this ;
 I am content that youthede is ago : 15
 The more of age the nerar hevynnis blisse.

¹ *Orig.* 'et.'

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR]

'The state of youth I repute for na gude,
 For in that state sik perilis now I see;
 F. 73 a. Bot full smal grace, the regeing of his blude
 Can none gaynstand quhill *that*¹ he agit be; 20
 Syne of the thing *that*¹ to fore ioyit he
 Nothing remaynis for to be callit his;
 For quhy it were bot veray vanitee:
 The more of age the nerar hevynnis blisse.

'Suld no man traist this wrechit warld, for quhy 25
 Of erdly ioy ay sorow is the end;
 The state of it can noman certify,
 This day a king, to mornē na gude to spend.
 Quhat haue we here bot grace vs to defend?
 The quhilk god grant vs for to mend oure mys, 30
 That to his glore he may oure saulis send;
 The more of age the nerar hevynnis blisse.'

C.

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

F. 22 b. Wit^hin ane garth, vndir a reid roseir,
 ane auld man, and decrepit, hard I sing;
 gay wes þe not, sueit wes þe voce & cleir:
 It wes grit Ioy to heir of sic a thing.
 'and to my dome,' he said, in his diting, 5
 'For to be jung I wald noch^t, for my wiß
 of all þis warld to mak me lord & king:
 The moir of ege þe nerrer hevynnis bliß.

¹ *Orig.* 'yt.'

[BANNATYNE DRAFT]

'Fals is þis warld, & full of variance,
 besocht *witʰ* syn & *vþir* sichis mo ; 10
 Trewth is all tynt, gyle hes wrocht ¹ þe gouernance,
 wrechitnes hes wrocht all weill to wo ;
 Fredome is tynt, & *fremmit* þe lordis fro,
 and cuvaticc is all þe cauß of thiß ;
 I am *content* þat ʒowthheid is ago : 15
 The moir, &c.

'The stait of ʒowth I reput for na gude,
 for in þat stait sic *perrell* now I se ;
 but *special* grace, þe regeing of his blude
 can nane ganestand *quhill* þat he aigit be ; 20
 Syn of þe thing befoir [þat] Ioyit he
nocht thing remanis to be callit hiß ;
 For quhy it wes bot verry vanite :
 The moir, &c.

'Suld no man trest þis wrechit warld, for quhy 25
 off erdly Ioy ay sorrow is þe end ;
 The stait of it can no man *certify*,
 This day a king, to morne no gud to spend.
 Quhat haif we heir bot grace ws to defend ?
 The quhilk god grant ws for to amend our miß, 30
 That to his gloir he may our saulis send :
 The moir of age þe nerrer hevynis bliß.'

Finis : *quod* m̄r. R. Henrisone.¹ Omit. Cf. pp. 106, 107, 110.

D.

BANNATYNE]

WITHIN ane garth, vndir a reid roseir,
 Ane awld man, and decripit, hard I sing;
 Gay wafß the not, sweit was þe voce & cleir:
 It was grit Ioy To heir of sic a thing.
 And as me thocht he said in his dyting, 5
 'for to be 3ung I wald not, for my wiß
 of all this warld to mak me lord & king:
 The moir of aige The nerrer hevynis bliß.

'Fals is this warld, and full of variance,
 Besocht with syn and vþir slichtis mo; 10
 Trewth is all tynt, Gyle hes the govirnance,
 Wrechitnes hes wrocht all weill to wo;
 fredome is tynt, & flemit þe lord's fro,
 and covettyce Is all the cauß of thiß;
 I am content þat 3owtheid Is ago: 15
 The moir, &c.

'The stait of 3owth I repute for no gude,
 F. 57 b. for in þat stait sic parrell now I see;
 but speciall grace, The regeing of his blude
 Can none ganestand, quhill þat he aigit be; 20
 Syne of the thing befoir þat Ioyit he
 Nothing remanis now to be callit his;
 for quhy it was bot verry vanitie:
 The moir of aige the nerer hevynis bliß.

[BANNATYNE

'Sowld no man trust this wretchit world, for quhy 25
of erdly Ioy ay sorrow is the end ;
The stait of it can no man certify,
this day a king, To morne haif not to spend.
Quhat haif we heir bot grace ws to defend ?
The quhilk god grant ws till amend our miß, 30
That to his gloir he ma our sawlis send :
The moir of aige the nerrer hevins blif.'

Finis : *quod* hendersonne.

THE RESSOING BETWIX AIGE
& 3OWTH

VOL. III.

H

[THE RESSONING BETWIXT AGE
AND 3OWTHT.]

A.

MAKCUULLOCH]

F. 181 b.

Q UHEN fair flora, þe goddas of al flowris,
baith firt^h and feild freschly hed ourfret,
and perly dropis of þe balmy schowris
þir wodis grene hed with þe watter wet,
musand alone in a mornyng I met 5
a mery man, þat al of myrtht coud mene,
syngand þis sang þat rycht swetly weß set,
'o 3owtht, be glaid in to þi flowris grene.'

I lukit furt^h a litil me befor,
and saw ane catyf one a club cumand, 10
with chekiß leyne and lyart lokiß hoir;
his eyne weß hol, his woce weß hace hostand,
walowit & wane, waik as ane wand;
a bil he bure apone his brest abone,
In letteris leill but leß, with þis legyand, 15
'o 3owtht, þi flowris fadis ferly sone.'

This 3owng [man] lap apone þe land ful lycht,
and merwalit mekil of his misdum¹ maid;
'waldyne I am,' quod he, '& wondir wycht,
with brawne as bair, with brest burle & braid; 20
no grume one ground my gardone may degraid,
nor of my pytht may pair wyrtht half a prene;
my face is fair, my figowr may noch^t faid:
o 3owth^h, be glaid in to þi flowris grene.'

¹ Cf. texts B, C, and D.

[MAKCULLOCH]

This se[n]3our sang bot *wit*h a sobir stewyne ; 25
 schakand his berd, he said, 'my barne, lat be ;
 I wes *wit*hin þir sixty 3eir or sewyne
 a frek one fold, al3 fair, frech, al3 fre,
 al3 glaid, al3 gay, al3 3ing, al3 3aip as 3e ;
 bot now þat day is ordrawyne and done ; 30
 luk þow my laythly lycome gyf I le :
 o 3owt*h*, þi flowr*is* fadis ferly sone.'

And ane *whir* wer3 þis 3owng man 3it coud syng :
 'at luffis law I think a quhil to leit,
 in cowrt to cramp cleylny in my cleþ[i]ng, 35
 and luk amang þir lusty ladei3 suet ;
 of mariag*is* to mel *wit*h mowis met,
 In secretnes3, quhar we may no*cht* be sene,
 and sa *wit*h birdis blythtly my balis beit :
 o 3owt*h*, be glaid in to þi flowr*is* grene.'¹ 40

B.

[BANNATYNE DRAFT]

F. 21 b.

Q UHEN fair flora, þe godas of þe flouris,
 Baith firth & feildis freschly had ourfrete,
 and perly droppis of þe balmy schouris
 Thir widdis grene had *wit*h þair watter wete,
 movand allone in mo[r]nyng myld I mete 5
 a merry man, þat all of mirth cowth mene,
 Singand þe sang þat sueitly wes sete :
 'o 3owth, be glaid in to þi flouris grene.'

¹ For the remaining stanzas, see texts B, C, and D.

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

I lukit furt^h a litill ws before ;
 I saw a cative on a club cumand, 10
 w^{it}h cheikis lene and lyart lokis hore ;
 his ene wes how, his voce wes heß hostand,
 wallowit and wan, and waik as ony wand ;
 ane bill he bure vpoun his breist abone,
 In letteris leill but les, w^{it}h þis legend, 15
 ‘o 3owth, þi flouris fedis fellone sone.’

This 3ung man lap vpoun þe land full lycht,
 and mervellit mekle of his makdome maid ;
 ‘waldin I am,’ quod he, ‘and windir wycht,
 w^{it}h bran as bair, and breist burly and braid ; 20
 na grwme on grund my gardoun may degraid,
 nor of my pith may pair half wirth a prene ;
 my face is fair, my figour will noch^t faid :
 o 3owth, be glaid in to þi flouris grene.’

¹ Ane vpir verß 3it þis 3ung man 3it cowt^h sing : 25
 ‘at luvis law a quhyle I think to leite,
 In court to cramp clenely in my clething,
 and luke amangis þir lusty ladeis sueit ;
 of m^{er}riege to mell w^{it}h mowthis meit,
 In secreitnes, quhair [we] may noch^t be sene, 30
 and so w^{it}h birdis blyt^hlie my baillis beit :
 o 3owth, be glaid,’ &c.

This sen3eour sang bot w^{it}h a sobir stevin ;
 schakand his berd, he said, ‘my bairne, lat be ;
 I wes w^{it}hin þir sixty 3eiris and sevin 35
 ane freik on fold, als forß and fre,
 als glad, als gay, als 3ung, als 3aip as 3e ;
 bot now þai dayis ourdrevin is and done ;
 luk thow my laikly lykyme² gif I le :
 o 3owth, thy flouris,’ &c. 40

¹ For the order of the stanzas in the four texts, see Table II. in the Prefatory Note.

² MS. ‘lykyne.’ See the reading of this MS. form in C (p. 119).

[BANNATYNE DRAFT]

This austryne greif an~~s~~uerit angirly :
 'for þi crampyn thow sall bayt~~h~~ cruk and cowl ;
 and thy fleschly lust thow sall defy,
 and pane þe sall put fra perramour ;
 Than will no bird be blyt~~h~~ of þe in bour ; 45
 quhen þi manheid sall move as þe mone,
 Thow sall assay gif þat my song be sour :
 o ȝowth, thy flouris,' &c.

This myrry man of mirth ȝit movit moir :
 'my corð is clene with~~o~~ut corruptioun, 50
 my self is sound, but seiknes or but soir,
 F. 22 a. my wittis fyve in dew proportioun,
 my curage is of clene complexioun,
 my hairt is haill, my lever, and my splene ;
 Thairfoir to reid þis rowll I haif no ressoun : 55
 o ȝowth, be glaid,' &c.

This bevir hair said to þis berly berne :
 'This breif thow sall obey, sone be þow bald ;
 Thy stait, þi strenth, tho~~c~~ht it be stark and sterne,
 The feviris fell and eild sall gar þe fald ; 60
 Thy corpis sall clyng, þi curagis sall vax cald,
 Thy heil sall hynk, and tak a hurt bot hwn,
 Thy wittis fyve sall vaneß, Tho~~c~~ht þow no~~c~~ht wald :
 o ȝowth, þi flouris fadis fellone sone.'

This gowand¹ grathit began to greif, 65
 and on his wayis wrechitly he we~~nt~~ but wene ;
 Thus lene man luche na thing, bot tuk his leif,
 and [I] abaid ondir þe levis grene :
 off þe cedullis þe suth I had sene,
 on trewth, me tho~~c~~ht, þai tremeft in þair tone : 70
 'o ȝowt~~h~~, be glaid in to þi flouris grene !
 o ȝowth, þi flouris fedis fellone sone !'

Finis : quod m̄r robert henrysone.

¹ So C (p. 120). Cf. D (p. 123).

C.

BANNATYNE]

GROWTH.

F. 55 a.

AIGE.

F. 55 b.

GROWTH.

This

[BANNATYNE

AIGE.

This sen3eour sang bot with a sobir stevin ; 25
 schakand his berd, he said, 'my bairne, lat be ;
 I was wⁱtⁱn thir sextie 3eiris and sevin
 Ane freik on fold, als forß and als fre,
 als glaid, als gay, als 3ing, als 3aip as 3ie ;
 Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin ar & done ; 30
 Luke thow my laikly luki¹ gif I lie :
 O 3owth, thy flowris fadis fellone sone.'

3OWTH.

Ane vþir verß 3it this 3ung man cowth sing :
 'At luvis law a quhyle I think to leit,
 In court to cramp clenely in my clething, 35
 And luke amangis thir lusty ladeis sweit ;
 of mariage to mell with mowthis meit,
 In secreit place, quhair we ma not be sene,
 And so with bird's blythly my bailis beit :
 O 3owth,' &c. 40

AIGE.

This awstrene greif anßuerit angirly :
 'for thy cramping thow salt baith cruke & cowre ;
 F. 56a. Thy fleschely lust thow salt also defy,
 and pane the sall put fra paramour ;
 Than will no bird be blyth of the in bouir ; 45
 quhen thy manheid sall wendin as the mone,
 Thow sall assay gif that my song be sour :
 O 3owth, thy flowris fedis fellone sone.'

¹ See note on p. 116.

BANNATYNE]

3OWTH.

This mirry man of mirth 3it movit moir :
 'My corps is clene *witlowt* corruptioun, 50
 My self is sound, but seiknes or but soir,
 My wittis fyve in dew proportioun,
 My Curage is of clene complexioun,
 My hairt is haill, my levar, & my splene ;
 Thairfoir to reid this roll I haif no ressou : 55
 O 3owth, ' &c.

AIGE.

The bevar hoir said to this berly berne :
 'This breif thow sall obey, sone be thow bald ;
 Thy stait, thy strenth, thocht it be stark and sterne, 60
 The feveris fell & eild sall gar the fald ;
 Thy corps sall clyng, thy curage sall wax cald,
 Thy helth sall hynk, and tak a hurt but hone,
 Thy wittis fyve sall vaneis, thocht thow not wald :
 O 3owth, thy flowris, ' &c.

This gowand¹ grathit with sic grit greif, 65
 he on his wayis wretchly went but wene ;
 This lene awld man luche not, bot tuk his leif,
 And I abaid vndir the levis grene :
 Of the sedullis the suthe quhez I had sene,
 Of trewth, me thocht, thay trivmphit in thair tone : 70
 'O 3owth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene !
 O 3owth thy flowris faidis fellone sone !'

Finis: *quod* m Robert henderson.¹ See note on p. 117.

D.

[MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

P. 176. QUHEN fair flora, goddes of the flouris,
 Bayth firth and feild so fresche had ourfreit,¹
 And peirlie droppis of the balmy schouris
 All woddis grein had *wit* thair watteris weyit,
 Moveand allone in ane morning I met 5
 Ane mirrie man, þat allone mirth cuth mein,
 Syngand this sang þat suttellie wes set :
 ‘O 3outh, be glaid in to thy flouris grene.’

I luikit furt a lytill me befoir ;
 I saw ane cative on ane club cummand, 10
Wit cheikis leyn and lykart lokis hoir ;
 His ene wes houle, his voce wes hais hostand,
 Wallowit and wane, and waik as ony wand ;
 Ane bill he bure vpon his breist abone,
Wit letteris liell but leis wes his legiant : 15
 ‘O 3outh, thy flouris fadis farlie sone.’

This 3oung man lap vpon the land full licht ;
 I marvalit mekle vpon his makdome maid.
 ‘Waldin I am,’ quod he, ‘and wonder licht
 Wair² brane as bair, and breist burlie and braid ; 20
 No grume on ground may my guerdoun degraid,
 Nor of my pith may pair wourt half ane prene ;
 My face is fair, my figour will noc^t faid :
 O 3outh, be glaid into thy flouris grene.’

¹ MS. ‘our freit.’² Cf. B and C.

MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

This sein3eour sang *wit*h ane full nobill stewin ; 25
 Schaikand his ¹ berd, and said : 'my barne, lat be ;
 P. 177. I wes *wit*hin this saxtie 3eiris and sewin
 Ane freik on fold, bayt^h frak, forty, and fre,
 Als glaid, als gay, als 3oung, als 3aip as 3e ;
 Bot now my dayis ar all ourdrewin and done ; 30
 Behald my lathlie lycome, gif I li,²
 O 3outh, thy 3eiris fadis farlie sone.'

This mirrie man of mirth 3it movit mair :
 'My cors is clene *wit*houttin corruptioun,
 My self is sauf fra seiknes and fra sair, 35
 My wittis fyve ar dowbill in proportioun,³
 My hart is hale, my lever, and my splene ;
 Heirfoir to reid this bill I haue [no] resson :
 O 3outh, be glaid in to thy flouris grene.'

The bewar hair said to the burlie berne : 40
 'This breif þow sall abyd, sone be thow bald ;
 Thy strenth, thy stait, þocht Iohne be never so sterne,
 The fever fell for eild [sall] gar the fald ;
 Thy cors sall cling, thy curage sall wax cold,
 Thy heill sall hink, and tak ane hurt bot hune, 45
 Thy wittis fyve sall wane, thocht thow noch wald :
 O 3outh, thy 3eiris fadis ferlie sone.'

Ane vþer wers this 3oung man 3it can sing :
 'At luiffis layr ane quhyll I think to leit,
 Clein3e to cramp in court *wit*h my clething, 50
 To luik amang thir lustie ladeis sweet ;

¹ MS. 'Schaikand and his.'² MS. 'be.'³ The fifth line is omitted. Cf. C (p. 120).

[MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

Off maryage to mell *witʰ* our mouthis meit,
In sacreit wyse, quhair we may *nocht* be sene,
Witʰ birdis blyth in boure my bail to beit :
O 3outh, be glaid in to thy flouris grene.' 55

This anciant *man* gaif ansuer angrieliē :
'For all the crampyn thow sall cruik and cowre ;
And all fleschlie lustis þow sall defy,
Quhen pane sall the depryve for paramour ;
Than will na bird of the be blytʰ in bour ;¹ 60
P. 178. Quhen thy *man*heid sall mynnis as the mone,
Than sall þow say gif þat my sang be so[u]re :
O 3outh, thy flouris fadis farlie sone.'

This gal3art grutchit and began to greif,
And on full sone he went his wayis but wein ; 65
This leyn *man* leuch nathing, bot tuik his leif,
And I abaid amang thir leiffis grene :
That takkin suthlie, fra þat I had sein,
In treuth, me thocht, thay trevist in thair toun :
'O 3outh, be glaid in to þi flouris grene ! 70
O 3outh, thy flouris fadis ferlie sone !'

FINIS

¹ MS. 'bouris.'

OBEY AND THANK THY GOD
OF ALL

OR

THE ABBAY WALK

[THE ABBAY WALK.]

A.

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

F. 15 b.

ALLONE as I went vp and doun
in ane abbay wes fair to se,
Thinkand quhat consolatioun
Wes best in to aduersitie,
On caif I kest on syd myne e,
and saw þis writtin vpoun a wall :
'off quhat stait, man, þat thow be,
Obey and thank þi god off all.

5

'Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
In ryeltie, nor in rich array,
sall nocht indure at þi desyre,
bot as þe wind will wend away ;
Thy gold and all þi gudis gay,
Quhen fortoun list, will fra þe fall ;
Sen thow sic examplis seyis ilk day,
Obey and thank þi god of all.

10

15

F. 16 a.

'Job was moist riche In writ we find,
Thobe moist full of cheretie :
Job wox peur, and thoby blynd,
baith Temptit with aduersitie.
Sen blindnes wes Infirmite,
and povertie was naturall,
Thairfoir in patience baith he & he
obeid and thankit god of all.

20

[BANNATYNE DRAFT

'Thocht thou be blind, or haif ane halt, 25
 or in thy face deformit Ill,
 sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
 na man sould the repreif by skill.
 Blame nocht thy lord, Sa is his will ;
 Spur nocht thy fute aganis the wall ; 30
 Bot with meik hairt and prayar still,
 Obey and thank thy god of all.

'God of his Iustice mon correct,
 and of his *mercy* petie haif ;
 He is ane Iuge To nane suspect, 35
 To pvneit synfull man and saif.
 Thocht thou be lord attour the laif,
 and eftirwart maid bund & thrall,
 ane peure begger, *wit* skrip and staif,
 Obey and thank thy god of all. 40

'This changeing and grit variance
 of erdly staitis vp and doun
 Is nocht bot casualitie & chance,
 as sum men sayis, *wit*owt ressoun,
 Bot be the grit prouisioun 45
 of god aboif that rewill the sall ;
 Thairfoir evir thou mak the boun
 To obey and thank thy god of all.

'In welth be meik, heiche not thyself ;
 Be glaid in wilfull povertie ; 50
 Thy power and thy world's pelf
 Is nocht bot verry vanitie.
 Remembir him þat deit on tre,
 For thy saik taistit the bittir gall ;
 quha hyis¹ law and lawis² he ; 55
 obey and thank thy god of all.'

Finis.

¹ MS. 'hy is.'² MS. 'law is.'

B.

BANNATYNE]

F. 46 b.

ALLONE as I went vp and doun
 in ane abbay was fair to se,
 Thinkand quhat consolatioun
 Was best in to adwersitie,
 On caif I kest on syd myne E, 5
 And saw this writtin vpoun a wall :
 'off quhat estait, man, that thow be,
 Obey and thank thy god of all.

'Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
 Thy ryaltie, nor riche array, 10
 Sall nocht endeur at thy desyre,
 Bot as the wind will wend away ;
 Thy gold and all thy gudis gay,
 quhen fortoun list will fra the fall ;
 Sen thow sic sampillis seis ilk day, 15
 Obey and thank thy god of all.

F. 47 a.

'Job wes maist riche in writ we find,
 Thobe maist full of cheritie :
 Job woux pure, and thobe blynd,
 Bath tempit *wit* aduersitie. 20
 Sen blindness wes infirmitie,
 and pouerty wes naturall,
 Thairfoir rycht patiently bath he and he
 Obeyid and thankit god of all.

'Thocht thow be blind, or haif ane halt, 25
 Or in thy face deformit ill,
 Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
 Na man suld the repreif by skill.

[BANNATYNE

Blame *nocht* thy lord, sa is his will ;
 Spurn *nocht* thy fute aganis þe wall ; 30
 Bot *witʰ* meik hairt and prayer still
 obey, &c.

‘God of his iustice mon correct,
 and of his *mercy* petie haif ;
 he is ane Iuge to nane suspect, 35
 To puneis synfull *man* and saif.
 Thocht thou be lord attour the laif,
 and eftirwart maid bound and thrall,
 ane pure begger, *witʰ* skrip and staif,
 obey, &c. 40

‘This changeing and grit variance
 off erdly staitis vp and down
 Is *nocht* bot casualitie and chance,
 as sum *men* sayis, *witʰ*out ressoun,
 Bot be þe grit prouisioun 45
 of god aboif þat rewill the sall ;
 Thairfoir evir thou mak the boun
 To obey, &c.

‘In welth be meik, heich *nocht* thy self ;
 be glaid in wilfull pouertie ; 50
 Thy power and thy warld’s pelf
 Is *nocht* bot verry vanitie.
 Remembir him þat deit on tre,
 For thy saik taistit þe bittir gall ;
 quha heis law hairtis and lawis he ; 55
 obey and thank thy god of all.’

Finis : *quod* m̄r ro^t henrysone.

C.

MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

P. 310.

ALLONE as I went vp and doun
 In to ane abbay for to se,
 Thinkand quhat consolatioun
 Wes best in all aduersite,
 On cace I keist a syd myne Ee, 5
 And fand þis writtin on a wall :
 ‘ In quhat estait, man, þat þow be,
 Obey and thank þi god of all.

P. 297.

‘ Thy Kingdome and þi grit Impyre,
 Thy royaltie nor ryche array, 10
 Sall not Indure at þi desyir,
 Bot as þe wind will wend away ;
 Thi gold and all þi gudis gay,
 Quhone fortoun les[t],¹ fra þe sell fall ;
 Sen þir but dout þou man assay, 15
 Obey and thank þi god of all.

‘ Iob wes maist Riche I wait² we find,
 Thobie maist full of chirrite :
 Iob become pure, and thobe blind,
 Boithe tempit *witʰ* aduersite. 20
 Sen blyndnes wes infirmite,
 And povertie wes naturall,
 Thairfoir *witʰ* patience boithe he and he
 Obeyd þair god and thankit him of all.

‘ For tho*cht* þow be hurt or halt, 25
 Or in þi face deformit ill,
 Swa it be not throw þi defalt,
 No man sould the reuif throw skill.

¹ MS. copy ‘fortounles.’² See reading in B (p. 128).

[MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

Blame not þi god, sic is his will ;
 Spur not þi fute aganis þe wall ; 30
 Bot *witʰ* meik hairt and prayer still
 Obey and thank þi god of all.

‘ God of his iustice may correct,
 And of his mercye petie haif ;
 He is ane Iuge to nane suspect, 35
 To pwneis synfull men and saif.
 Thocht þou be lord attoure þe laif,
 And eftirwart maid bund and thrall,
 Or pure beggar, *witʰ* skrip and staif,
 Obey and thank þi god of all. 40

‘ The chyngeing and grit variance
 Off eirthlie statis vp and doun
 Cowmis nowdir throw fortoun nor chance,
 As sum men sayis, *witʰout* ressoun,
 Bot be þe grit prouisioun 45
 Off god abuif þat gyd þe sall ;
 Thairfoir, quhone euir ʒe till him bown,
 Obey and thank þi god of all.

‘ In welthe be meik, hie not þi selffe ;
 Be glaid in wofull powertie ; 50
 Thy power nor þi warldlie pelffe
 Is not bot verie vanite.
 Remember him þat on þe tre,
 For þi saik gustit bittir gall ;
 Quhilk rasis þe law and humilis þe hie ; 55
 Obey and thank þi god of all.’

FINIS : authore incerto.

THE RESSONING BETUIX
DETH & MAN

[THE RESSONING BETWIXT DETH
AND MAN.]

A.

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

MORS.

F. 22 a. ' **O** MORTALL man, behald, tak tent to me,
quhilk sall þi myrroure be baith day and nycht ;
all erdly thing þat evir tuke lyfe mon de ;
paip, empriour, king, barroun, & knyght,
Thocht þai be in þair ryell estait & hicht, 5
may *nocht* ganestand, quhen I pleið schote þis derte ;
waltownis, castellis, towiris, neuir so wicht,
may *nocht* resist quhill it be at his hert.'

HOMO.

'Now quhat art thou þat biddis me thus tak tent,
and mak ane myrroure day and *nycht* of þe ? 10
or *wit* þi dert I suld *rycht* sair repent ?
I trest trewly of þat That þow sall le.
quhat freik on fold sa bald dar mannis me,
or *wit* me fecht, owþir on fute or hors ?
Is none so wicht, so stark in þis cuntre, 15
nor I sall gar him bow to me on forð.'

[BANNATYNE DRAFT]

MORS.

'My name, at me forsuth sen þat thow speiris,
 Tha call me deid, suthly I þe declair,
 Calland all man and woman to þair beiris,
 quhen evir I pleið, quhat tyme, quhat plaið, or quhair :
 Is nane sa stowt, sa fresch, nor ȝit sa fair, 21
 So ȝung, so auld, so riche, nor ȝit so pure,
 quhair evir I pað, owþir be it lait or air,
 man put þaim heill on forð vnder my cure.'

HOMO.

'Sen it is sua, þat natur can so wirk, 25
 That ȝung & auld, riche & pur, man de,
 In my ȝowtheid, allace, I wes full irk,
 culd noch tak tent to gyd & gouer[n] me,
 F. 22 b. Ay gud to do, fra evil deidis to fle,
 Trestand ȝowtheid wald wið me ay abyð, 30
 fulfilland evir my sensualitie
 In deidly syn, & specialy in pryd.'

MORS.

'Thairfoir repent and remord þi conscience ;
 Think on þir wurdis I now vpoun þe cry :
 o wrechit man, o wofull of ignorance, 35
 All þi plesance thow sall deir aby ;
 Dispone for þe and cum wið me and try
 edderis, askis, wirmes meit to be ;
 cum quhen I call, þow may me noch deny,
 Thocht thow wer paip, empriour, and king al thre.' 40

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

HOMO.

'Sen it is sua fra þe I may *nocht* chaip,
 This wrechit warld for me heir I defy,
 And to [the] deid, to luke vndir þi caip,
 I offir me *wit* hairt *rycht* hummilly;
 Beseikand god, The deuell, my Enemy, 45
 na power haif my saule till assay.
 Iesus, on the, *wit* peteous voice, I cry,
mercy one me to haif on domis day.'

Finis.

B.

BANNATYNE]

DETH.

F. 56 b. ' O mortall man, behold, tak tent to me,
 Quhilk sowld thy mirroure be baith day & nicht;
 all erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die:
 Paip, empriour, king, barroun, & knyght,
 Thocht thay be in thair roall stait and hicht, 5
 may not ganestand, quhen I pleið schute the derte;
 waltownis, castellis, and towris nevir so wicht,
 may nocht risist quhill it be at his herte.'

THE MAN.

'Now quhat art thou that biddis me thus tak tent,
 And mak ane mirroure day & nicht of the? 10
 Or with thy Dert I sowld richt soir repent?
 I trest trewly off that thou sall sone lie.
 Quhat freik on fold sa bald dar manið me,
 Or with me fecht, owþir on fute or hors?
 Is non so wicht, or stark in this cuntre, 15
 Bot I sall gar him bow to me on forð.'

[BANNATYNE

DETH.

‘ My name, forswth, sen þat thou speiris,
 Thay call me deid, Suthly I the declair,
 Calland all man and woman to thair beiris,
 Quhen evir I pleiß, quhat tyme,¹ quhat place, or quhair : 20
 Is nane sa stowt, Sa fresche, nor zit sa fair,
 Sa jung, Sa ald, Sa riche, nor zit sa peur,
 Quhair evir I paß, owþir lait or air,
 mon put thame haill on forß vndir my cure.’

MAN.

‘ Sen it is so, that nature can so wirk, 25
 That jung and awld, with riche & peure, mon die,
 In my 3owtheid, allace, I wes full Irk,
 Cowld not tak tent To gyd and governe me,
 Ay gude to do, ffra evill deidís to fle,
 Trestand ay 3owtheid wold with me abyde, 30
 fulfilland evir my sensualitie
 In deidly syn, and specialy in pryd.’

DETH.

‘ Thairfoir repent and remord thy conscience ;
 F. 57 a. Think on thir wordis I now vpoun the cry :
 O wrechit man, o full of Ignorance, 35
 All thy plesance thow sall richt deir aby ;
 Dispone thy self and cum with me in hy,
 Edderis, askis, and wormis meit for to be ;
 Cum quhen I call, thow ma me not denný,
 Thocht thow war paip, Empriour, and king all thre.’ 40

¹ Written on the margin of the MS.

BANNATYNE]

MAN.

'Sen it is swa ffra the I may not chaip,
This wrechit warld for me heir I defy,
And to the deid, To lurk vnder thy caip,
I offer me with hairt richt humly;
Beseiking god, the diuill, myne Enemy, 45
No power haif my sawill till assay.
Iesus, on the, with peteous voce, I cry,
Mercy on me to haif on domisday.'

Finis : *quod* henderson.

**AGANIS HAISTY CREDENCE
OF TITLARIS**

[AGANIS HAISTY CREDDENCE OF TITLARIS.]

A.

BANNATYNE]

F. 67 b. **F**ALS titlaris now growis vp full rank,
 nocht ympit in the stok of cheretie,
 howping at thair lord to gett grit thank ;
 Than haif no dreid on thair nybouris to lie
 Than sowld ane lord awyse him weill, I se, 5
 Quhen ony taill Is brocht to his presence,
 Gif it be groundit in to veretie,
 or he þairto gif haistely credence.

Ane worthy lord sowld wey ane taill wyslie,
 the tailltellar, and quhome of it is tald ; 10
 gif it be said for lue, or for Invy,
 and gif the tailisman abyd at It he wald ;
 Than eftirwart the *pair*teis sowld be cald
 for thair excuse To mak lawfull defence :
 Than sowld ane lord the ballance evinly hald, 15
 and gif not at the first haistie credence.

It is no wirschep for ane nobill lord,
 for the fals tailis To put ane trew man doun,
 And gevand credence to þe first recoird,
 he will not heir his excusatioun ; 20
 The tittillaris so in his heir can roun,
 The Innocent may get no awdiẽnce ;
 Ryme as it may, thair is na ressoun
 To gif till taillis hestely credence.

[BANNATYNE

Thir teltellaris oft tymes dois grit skaith, 25
and raissis mortall feid and discrepance,
and makis lordis with thair *berwandis* wreith,
and baneist be *withowt*[in] cryme *perchance*.
It is þe grund of stryf and all distance,
moir *perrellus* than ony pestillence, 30
Ane lord in flattereris to haif plesance,
Or to gif lyaris hestely creddece.

O thow wyse lord, quhen cumis a flatterer
F. 68 a. The for to pleiß, and hurt the Innocent,
will tell ane taill of thy familiar, 35
Thow sowld the *pairteis* call Incontinent,
And sitt down sadly in to Iugement,
and serche the cauß weill, or thow gif sentence,
or ellis hēireftir, in cais thow may repent,
That thow to tailis gaif so grit creddece. 40

O wicket tung, sawand dissentioun,
of fals taillis to tell That will not tyre,
moir *perrellus* Than ony fell pusoun,
The pane of hell thow sall haif to þi hyre.
Richt swa thay sall that hes Ioy or desyre 45
To gife his Eir To heird with patience;
for of discord It kendillis mony fyre,
Throw*wt* geving talis hestely creddece.

Bakbyttaris to heir it is no bowrd,
For thay ar excommvnicat in all place; 50
Thre *personis* severall he slayis *wit*h ane wowrd—
him self, The heirar, and the man saiklace.

BANNATYNE]

Within ane hude he hes ane dowbill face,
 Ane bludy tung, vndir a fair pretence.
 I say no moir ; bot god grant lordis grace, 55
 To gife to taillis nocht hestely credence.

Finis: *quod* m̄r Robert Hendersone.

B.

MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

P. 309. **F**ALS Tutlaris now growis vp full rank,
 Not Impit in þe stok of chirrite,
 At þair lordis hoiping to get thank ;
 No dreid þai haue of þair nychtbouris to le :
 Than sould þe lord awise him weill and se, 5
 Quhone ony tale is brocht to his presence,
 Giff it be groundit vpone verite,
 Or he þairto gif haistelie credence.

Ane nobill lord ane tale aucht weill to weye,
 Knaw þe tellar, and on quhome it is tauld ; 10
 Giff it be said for luif, or for Invy,
 And [gif] þe tellar weill awow it wald ;
 Thaireftir syne þe pairtie sould be cald
 For þair excuse to mak lauchfull defence :
 Thus sould ane lord þe ballance of Iustice hald, 15
 And never to gif þe first taill sone credence.

[MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

¹ Thir taill tellaris oftymes dois grit scayth,
 Resand feid mortale and vþer discrepance,
 And makis lordis *witþ* freyndis and *nycþt*bours wraithe,
 And troublit be withoutin cryme perchance. 20
 It is þe ground of stryfe and [all] distance,
 Moir paralous nor ony pestilence,
 Ane lord in flatterraris to haue plesance,
 Or haistelie gif to learis credence.

It is dishonour to ane mychtie lord, 25
 For fals talis to putt ane trew man doun,
 Gifand credence vnto þe first record,
 And not to heir na excusatioun ;
 Giff þe tutelar so in his eir do roun,
 The Innocent may get no audience ; 30
 Ryme as it may, þairin is na ressoun
 To giff to talis haistelie credence.

P. 310. O thow wyse lord, quhone þat ane flatterar
 The for to pleis, and hurt þe Innocent,
 Will tell a taill of þi familiar, 35
 Thow sould þe pairteis call Incontinent,
 And sit down sadlie in to Iugement,
 And serche þe caus weill, or thou gif sentence,
 Or ells þaireftir, perchance, thow may repent,
 That þow to talis gaif sa sone credence. 40

O wickit tounge, sawand dissentioun,
 Fals talis to tell þat will neuer tyre,
 Moir parralous nor ony fell poyson,
 The pane of hell þou sall haue to þi hyre.

¹ The third and fourth stanzas are here transposed. See A (pp. 140, 141).

MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

Rycht so sall þai w^{it} mynd þat dois desyre 45
To gif þair eirris to heir w^{it} patience ;
For of discord it kendlis mony fyre,
To gif to talis our haistie credence.

To heir bakbyttaris, traist weill, it is na bourd,
For þai ar planlie curst in everie place ; 50
Thre persounis he slayis w^{it} ane word—
Him selffe, þe heirar, And þe man saikles.
W^{it}hin ane hude he hes ane doubill face,
Ane bludy toung, vndir a fair presance.
I say no more ; bot god gif grit men grace, 55
That þai to sic gif no haiste credence.

Quod Mr Rob^t henryson.

THE ANNUNCIATION

VOL. III.

K

GRAY]

[THE ANNUNCIATION.]

F. 70 a.

FORCY as deith Is likand lufe,
Throuch quhome al bittir suet *is*,¹
No thing Is hard, as *writ* can pruf,
Till him in lufe þat let*is* ;
Luf ws fra barret bet*is* ; 5
Quhe*n* fra þe hevinly sete abuse,
In message gabriell couth muf,
And with myld mary met*is*,
And said, 'god wele þe gret*is* ;
In þe he will tak Rest and Rufe, 10
but hurt of syne, or þit Reprufe :
In him sett þi decret*is*.'

This message *mer*vale gert þat myld,
And silence held but sound*is*,
As weill aferit, a maid Infil*d* : 15
the Angell It expound*is*,
how þat hir wame but wound*is*
Consave It suld, fra syne exild.
And quhe*n* þis carpin wes cõmpilit
Brich*t*nes fra bufe abound*is* : 20
þane fell þat gay to ground*is*,
of godd*is* grace na thing begild,
wox *in* hir chaumer chaist w*it*h child,
w*it*h crist our kyng þat cround *is*.²

¹ MS. 'suet*is*.'

² MS. 'cround*is*.'

[GRAY

F. 70 b. Thir tithingis tauld, þe messinger 25
 Till hevin agane he glidís :
 That prince*s* pure, wi*th*outyn peir,
 Full plesandly applidís,
 And blith with barne abidís.
 O worthy wirschip singuler, 30
 To be moder and madyn meir,
 As cristin faith confidís ;
 Þat borne was of hir sidís,
 our maker goddís sone so deir,
 quhilk erd, wattir, & hevinnis cler, 35
 throw grace and virtu gidís.

The miraclis ar mekle & meit,
 fra luffís Ryuer Rynnís ;
 The low of luf haldand þe hete
 vnbrynt full blithlie birnis ; 40
 quhen gabriell beginnis
 Wi*th* mouth þat gudely may to grete,
 The wand of aarone, dry but wete,
 To burioun noch*t* blynnis ;
 The flesch all donk within Is, 45
 upone þe erd na drop couth fleit ;
 Sa was þat may maid moder suete,
 And sakeleß of all synnis.

F. 71 a.

Hir mervalus haill madizhede
 god in hir bosum braci*s*, 50
 And hir diuinite fra deid
 Hir kept in all casis.
 The hie god of his grac*s*
 Him self dispisit ws to speid,

GRAY]

and dowlit *nocht* to dee *one* deid : 55
 He panit for *our* *peacis*,
 And *wit* his blude *ws* *bacis* ;
 Bot *quhen* he Ras vp, as we Rede,
þe cherite of *his* godhede
 Was plane in *euery* *placis*. 60

O lady lele and *lusumest*,
 Thy face moist fair & schene Is !
 O *blosum* *blithe* and *bowsumest*,
 Fra carnale cryme *þat* clene Is !
 F. 71 b. This prayer fra my splene Is, 65
 That all my *werkis* *wikkitest*
 Thow put away, and mak me chaist
 Fra *termigant* *þat* teyn Is,
 And fra his cluke *þat* kene Is ;
 And syne till hevin my saule þou haist, 70
 Quhar *þi* *makar* of *michtis* mast
 Is kyng, and þow *þair* quene Is.

Finis : *quod* R. Henrisoun.

SUM PRACTYSIS OF MEDECYNE

SUM PRACTYSIS OF MEDECYNE.

F. 141 b. **G** UK, guk, gud day, *schir*, gaip quhill 3e get it,
 Sic greting may gane weill gud laik in 3our hude
 3e wald deir me, I trow, becau3 I am dottit,
 To ruffill me *wit3* a ryme ; na, *schir*, be the rude,
 3our saying I haif sene, and on syd set it, 5
 as geir of all gaddering, glaikit, *nocht* gude ;
 als 3our medecyne by mesour I haif meit met It,
 The quhilk, I stand ford, 3e *nocht* vnderstude,
 Bot wrett on as 3e culd To gar folk wene ;
 For feir my longis wes flaft, } 10
 or I wes dottit or daft, } heir be it sene.
 Gife I can ocht of þe craft,

Becaus I ken 3our cunnyng in to cure
 Is clowtit and clampit and *nocht* weill cleird, 15
 My prettik in pottingary 3e trow be als pure,
 And lyk to 3our lawitnes, I schrew thame þat leid ;
 Is nowdir fevir, nor fell, þat our þe feild fure,
 Seiknes nor sairnes, in tyme gif I seid,
 Bot I can lib thame & leiche þame fra lame & lesure, 20
Wit3 sawis thame sound mak : on 3our saule beid,
 That 3e be sicker of þis sedull I send 3ow,

F. 142 a. *Wit3* the suthfast seggis, }
 þat glean all egeis, } of malis to mend 3ow.
Wit3 dia and dreggis, } 25

[BANNATYNE]

DIA CULCAKIT.

CAPE cukmaid and crop the colleraige,
 ane medecyne for þe maw, and 3e cowl mak it,
 wíth sueit satlingis and sowrokis, The sop of þe sege,
 The crud of my culome, wíth 3our teith crakit ; 30
 Lawrean and linget seid, and the luffage,
 The hair of the hurchoun noch half deill hakkit,
 Wíth þe snowt of ane selch, ane swelling to swage ;
 This cure is callit in our craft Diaculkakkit.
 Put all thir in ane pan, wíth pepper and pik, 35
 Syne sottin to thiß,
 The count of ane sow kiß, } For þe collik.
 Is noch bettir, I wiß,

DIA LONGUM.

Recipe, thre ruggis of the reid ruke, 40
 The gant of ane gray meir, The claik of ane guß,
 The dram of ane drekterß, þe douk of ane duke,
 The gaw of ane grene dow, The leg of ane lowß,
 fyve vnce of ane fle wing, the fyn of ane fluke,
 Wíth ane sleiffull of slak, þat growis in the sluß ; 45
 myng all thir in ane maß wíth the mone cruke.
 This vntment is rycht ganand for 3our awin vß,
 Wíth reid nettill seid in strang wesche to steip,
 For to bath 3our ba cod, }
 quhen 3e wald nop and nod ; } To latt 3ow to sleip. 50
 Is noch bettir, be god,

BANNATYNE]

DIA GLACONICON.

This dia is rycht deir and denteit in daill,
 Cauß it is trest & trew, *pairfoir* þat 3e tak
 sevin sobbis of ane selche, the quhidder of ane quhaill,
 The lug of ane lempet is *nocht* to forsaik, 56
 The harnis of ane haddok, hakkit or haill,
With ane bustfull of blude of þe scho bak,
With ane brewing caldrun full of hait caill,
 For it wilbe þe softar and sweittar of þe smak; 60
 Thair is *nocht* sic ane lechecraft fra lawdian to lundin:
 It is clippit in *our cannon*, }
 Dia glecolicon, } quhair fulis ar fundin. 65
 For till fle away fon,

DIA CUSTRUM.

The ferd feisik is fyne, and of ane felloun pryce,
 F. 142 b. Gud for haising, and hosting, or heit at the hairt;
 Recipe, thre sponfull of þe blak spyce,
 With ane grit gowpene of þe gowk fart;
 The lug of ane lyoun, the guse of ane gryce; 70
 ane vnce of ane oster poik at þe *neþer parte*,
 annoyntit *with* nurice dOUNg, for it is rycht nyce,
 Myngit *with* mysdirt and *with* mustart;
 3e may clamp to þis cure, & 3e will mak cost,
 bayth þe belloxx of ane brok, }
With thre crawis of the cok, } Is gud for þe host. 75
 The schadow of ane zule stok, }

[BANNATYNE

Gud *nyc̃ht*, guk, guk, for sa I began,
 I haif no come at this tyme langer to tary, 80
 bot luk on this letter, and leird, gif ȝe can,
 The prectik and poyntis of this pottingary;
Schir, minister this medecyne at evin to sum man,
 and or pryme be past, my powder I pary,
 Thay sall bliß ȝow, or ellis bittirly ȝow ban; 85
 For it sall fle thame, in faith, out of þe fary:
 Bot luk quhen ȝe gadder þir gressis & gerß,
 outhir sawrand or sour,
 That it be in ane gude oure: } Ane vþir manis erß.
 It is ane mirk mirrour, } 90

quod m̃r ro^t henrysone.

THE THRE DEID POLLIS

THE THRE DEID POLLIS.

A.

BANNATYNE]

F. 57 b.

O SINFULL man, in to this mortall se
 quhilk is the vaill of mvrnyng and of Cair,
 With gaistly sicht, Behold oure heidis thre,
 Oure holkit ene, oure peilit pollis bair :
 As ȝe ar now, Into this warld we wair, 5
 Als fresche, als fair, als lusty, to behald ;
 Quhan thow lukis on this swth examplair
 Off thy self, man, thow may be richt vnbal.

For suth it is, þat every man mortall
 Mon suffer deid, and de, þat lyfe hes tane ; 10
 Na erdly stait aganis deid ma prevaill ;
 The hour of deth and place Is vncertane,
 Quhilk Is referrit to the hie god allane ;
 F. 58 a. Heirfoir haif mynd of deth, that thow mon dy ;¹
 This fair² exampill to se quotidiane, 15
 Sowld cauß all men fra wicket vycis fle.

O wantone ȝowth, als fresche as lusty may,
 farest of flowris, renewit quhyt & reid,
 Behald our heidis : O lusty gallandis gay,
 full laichly thus sall ly thy lusty heid, 20
 holkit and how, and wallowit as the weid,
 Thy crampan hair, & eik thy cristall ene ;
 full cairfully conclud sall dulefull deid ;
 Thy example heir be ws it may be sene.

¹ This line is repeated in the MS.

² Cf. B, p. 158.

[BANNATYNE]

O ladeis quhyt, in claithis corruscant, 25
 poleist with perle, and mony pretius stane ;
 With palpis quhyt, and hals [so] elegant,
 Sirculit *witʰ* gold, & sapheris mony ane ;
 ʒour finʒearis small, quhyt as quhailis bane,
 arrayit *witʰ* ringis, and mony rubeis reid : 30
 as we ly thus, so sall ʒe ly ilk ane,
 with peilit pollis, and holkit thus ʒour heid.

O wofull pryd, the rute of all distres,
Witʰ humill hairt vpoun our pollis penß :
 man, for thy miß, ask *mercy* with meikneß ; 35
 Aganis deid na man may mak defenß.
 the empriour, for all his excellenß,
 King & quene, & eik all erdly stait,
 peure & riche, sal be but differenß,
 Turnit in aß, and thus in erd translait. 40

This questioun, quha can obsolue, lat see,
 quhat phisnamour, or *perfy*t palmeister—
 quha was farest, or fowlest, of ws thre ?
 or quhilk of ws of kin was gentillar ?
 or maist excellent in science, or in lare, 45
 in art, mvsik, or in astronomye ?
 heir sowld be ʒour study and repair,
 and think, as thus, all ʒour heidis mon be.

F. 58 b.

O febill aige, [ay] drawand neir the dait
 of dully deid, and hes thy dayis compleit, 50
 Behald our heidis with mvrning & regrait ;
 fall on thy kneis ; ask grace at god greit,
witʰ oritionis, and haly salmes sweit,
 Beseikand him on the to haif *mercy*,
 Now of our sawlis bydand the decreit 55
 of his godheid, quhen he sall call & cry.

BANNATYNE]

Als we exhort, þat every man mortall,
 for his saik þat maid of nocht all thing,
 for our sawlis to pray in general
 To Iesus chryst, of hevin and erd the king ; 60
 that throwch his blude we may ay leif & ring
With the hie fader, be eternitie,
 The sone als wa, The haly gaist condong,
 Thre knit in ane be *perfy*t vnitie.

Finis : *quod* patr^{ick} Iohnistoun.¹

B.

MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

P. 327. **O** SYNFULL man, into þis mortall sey
 Quhilk is þe well ² of *murning* and of cair,
With gaistlie *sycht*, behauld our heidis thre,
 Oure holkit ene, with pelit powis bair :
 As 3e ar now, into þis warld we war, 5
 Als fresche, als fair, als lustie, to behauld ;
 Quhone þow luikis on þis suythe exemplair
 Off þi sellfe, man, þow may be *rycht* vnbauld.

 Off treuthe it is, þat everie man mortale
 Man thole þe dethe, and de, þat lyfe hes tane ; 10
 Nane erthlie stait aganis dethe may prevaill ;
 The *hour* of dethe and place is vncertane,
Quhilk is referrit to þe hie god alane ;
 Heirfoir haue mynd on dethe, þat þow man de :
 This sair ³ exemple to se *quotidiane*, 15
 Sould caus all men fra wickit vices fle.

¹ Cf. B, p. 160.² MS. 'þe well and of'³ Cf. A, p. 156.

[MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

O wantoun ȝouthē, and fresche as lustie Mai,
 Fairest of flowris, renewit quhyt or reid,
 Behald *our* heidis : o lustie galland's gay,
 Full laithly þus sall ly þi lusty heid, 20
 Holkit and how, and wallowit [as] þe weid,
 Thy crampan hair, and eke þi lustie ene ;
 Full cairfullie conclud sall dulefull deid ;
 Exemple heir be ws It may [be] sene.

O ladeis quhyte, in claythis coroscant, 25
 Poleist *witʰ* perle, and mony *pertious* stane ;
Witʰ papis quhyt, and hals so elegant,
 Circulit *witʰ* gold, and sapheris mony ane ;
 Ȝour fyngaris small, quhyt as quhalis bane,
 Arrayit withe ringis, and mony rubeis reid : 30
 As we ly þus, so sall ȝe ly ilkane,
Witʰ petit powis, and holkit þus ȝour heid.

O wilfull pryd, ȝe rute of all distres,
 Withe humill hart vpone oure powis pens :
 Man, for þi mis, ask mercye *witʰ* meiknes ; 35
 Aganis dethe may no man mak defence.
 The empreour, for all his excellence,
 King and quene, and eik all vþer stait,
 Pure¹ and ryche, salbe but difference,
 Be turned in as, and þus in erthe translait. 40

The questioun, quha can absolue, lat se,
 Quhat physnymour, or perfyte palmystar—
 Quha wes fairrest, or fowlest, of ws thre ?
 Or qu*hilk* of ws be kyn wes gentillar ?
 Or maist expert in science, or in lair, 45
 In art, mwsik, or [in] astronomye ?
 Heir still sould be ȝour studie and repair,
 And think *rycht* sure, as þus all heidis man ly.

¹ MS. copy, 'puer.'

MAITLAND (FOLIO)]

P. 328. O febill aige, ay drawand neir þi dait
 O[f] dulye dethe, þat hes þi dayis compleit, 50
 Behald oure heidis for murning and regrait ;
 Fall on þi kneis ; ask grace at god, and greit
 Witȝ orisionis and holie psalmis sweit,
 Beseikand him on þe to haue *mercy* ;
 And of¹ oure saulis bydand þe Decreit 55
 Off his godheid, to rew and glorife.

Als we exhort þat everie man mortale,
 For his saik þat maid of nocht all thing,
 For *mercy* cry, and pray in generall,
 To Iesus chryst of hevyn and erd þe king ; 60
 Throw ȝour prayar that we and ȝe may Regnne
 Withe þe hie fadir, be þe eternite,
 The sone als wa, þe holy gaist condigne,
 Thre knit in ane be perfyte vnite.

Quod Mr Robert Henrysoun.

¹ MS. copy, 'if.'

ANE PRAYER FOR THE PEST

VOL. III.

L

[ANE PRAYER FOR THE PEST.]

A.

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

F. 10^b.

O eterne god, of power infynyt,
 To quhois [hie] knowlege na think is obscure
 That is, or wes, or salbe, Is perfyt
 into þi sicht, quhill þat this warld indure ;
 haif *mercy* of ws, indigent and pure ; 5
 That dois no wrang to pvniß our offens :
 o lord, þat is to mankynd haill succure,
 preserue ws fra this perrelus pestilens.

We the beseik, o lord of lordis all,
 thy eiris inclyne and heir our grit regrait ;¹ 10
 We ask remeid of the in generall,
 That is of help and confort dissolait ;
 Bot thow *wit* rewth our hairtis recreate,
 We ar bot deid but only thy clemenß :
 We the exort, on kneis law prostrait, 15
 preserue ws from this perrellus pestilens.

We ar *rycht* glaid thow pvniß our trespasß
 Be ony kynd of vdir tribulatioun,
 Wer it thy will, o lord of hevin, allaiß,
 That we suld thus be haistely put down, 20
 and de as beistis *wit*out confessioun,
 that nane dar mak *wit* vdir residens.
 o blissit Iesu, þat wore the thorny croun,
 Preserue ws from this perrelus pestilens.

¹ MS. 'degrait.'

[BANNATYNE DRAFT

Vse derth, o lord, or seiknes, and hungir soir, 25
and slak thy plaig þat is so penetryfe.
The pepill are p[er]reist :¹ quha may remeid þairfoir,
Bot thow, o lord, þat for thame lost thy lyfe?
Suppois *our* syne be to the pungetyfe,
our deid ma nathing *our* synnis recompens. 30
haif *mercy*, lord, we may *nocht with* the stryfe;
preserue ws fra this perrelus pestilens.

Haif *mercy*, lord, haif *mercy*, hevnis king !
haif *mercy* of thy pepill penitent ;
haif *mercy* of our petous pvnissing ; 35
retreit þe sentence & thy iust Iugement
aganis ws synnaris, þat servis to be schent :
without mercy, we may mak no defens.
Thow þat, but rewth, vpoun þe rud wes rent,
preserue ws, &c. 40

F. 11 a. Remembir, lord, how deir thow hes ws bocht,
That for ws synnaris sched thy pretius blude,
now to redeme þat thow hes maid of *nocht*,
That is of vertew barran and denude ;
haif rewth, lord, of thyn awin similitude, 45
pvnis *with* pety and *nocht with* violens :
We know it is for *our* ingratitude,
That we ar pvnist *with* this pestillens.

Thow grant ws grace for till amend our mis,
and till evaid this crewall suddane deid ; 50
We know our sin is all the caus of this,
For opin sin þair is set no remeid ;

¹ See p. 166.

BANNATYNE DRAFT]

The iustice of god mon pvniß than be deid ;
 For by the law he will *wit*h nane dispens :
 quhair iustice laikis, þair is eternall feid 55
 of god þat suld preserf fra pestilens.

Bot wald the heidismen, þat suld keip the law,
 pvniß the peple for thair transgressioun,
 Thair wald na deid the peple than ourthraw ;
 Bot thay ar gevin sa plenly to oppressioun, 60
 That god will *nocht* heir þair intercessioun ;
 Bot all ar pvnist for Inobediens,
 Be suerd or deid, *wit*houttin remissioun,
 and hes iust caus to send ws pestilens.

Finis.

Superne, lucerne, guberne this pestilens, 65
 preserue and serue þat we *nocht* sterf tharin ;
 declyne that pyne, be thy devyne prudens ;
 For trewt^h, haif rewt^h, lat *nocht* our slewt^h ws twyn ;
 our syte,¹ full tyte, wer we contryt, wald blin ;
 disseuir, did nevir, quha euir the besocht ; 70
 but grace, *wit*h space, for to arrace fra sin ;
 lat *nocht* be tint þat thow sa deir hes bocht.

O prince preclair, this cair quotidiane,
 We the exort, distort it in exyle ;
 Bot thow remeid, this deid is bot ane trane 75
 for to dissaif þe laif falsly, and begyle ;
 Bot thow, sa wyse, devyse to win ws fra þat byle.
 of this mischeif, quha may releif ws ocht ?
 For wrangus win, bot thow our sin oursyle :
 Lat *nocht* be tint that thow sa deir hes bocht. 80

¹ Cf. p. 167.

[BANNATYNE DRAFT

Sen for our vice, þat iustice mon correct,
 o king, most he, now pacife thy feid :
 our sin is huge, refuge we *nocht* suspect,
 and thow be Iuge, dislug ws of this steid ;
 In tyme assent, or we be schent *wit* deid, 85
 For we repent all tyme mispent for thocht ;
 Thairfoir, euirmor bes gloir to thy godheid :
 Lat *nocht* be tint þat thow sa deir hes bocht.

Finis.

B.

(BANNATYNE

F. 24 a. **O** ETERNE god, of power infnyt,
 To quhois hie knowlege na thing is obscure
 F. 24 b. That is, or was, or evir salbe, perfynt,
 into thy sicht, quhill that this warld indure ;
 Haif *mercy* of ws, Indigent and peure ; 5
 Thow dois na wrang to pvneis our offens :
 O lord, that is to mankynd haill succure,
 Preserve ws fra this perrelus pestilens.

We the beseik, o lord of lordis all,
 thy eiris inclyne and heir our grit regrait ; 10
 We ask remeid of the in generall,
 That is of help and confort desolait ;
 bot thow with rewth our hairtis recreat,
 We ar bot deid but only thy clemens :
 We the exhort, on kneis law prostrait, 15
 Preserf ws fra this *perrellus* pestilens.

BANNATYNE]

We ar richt glaid thow pvneiß our trespass
 be ony kynd of vþir tribulatioun,
 Wer it thy will, o lord of hevin, allaiß,
 that we sowld thus be haistely put down, 20
 and dye as beistis *wit*hout confessioun,
 That nane dar mak *wit*h vþir residence.
 O blissit Iesu, that woir the thorny croun,
 Preserve ws frome this perrelus pestilens.

Vse derth, o lord, or seiknes, and hungir soir, 25
 and slaik thy plaig that is so penetryve.
 Thy pepill ar perreist : quha ma remeid þairfoir,
 bot thow, o lord, that for thame lost thy lyve ?
 Suppoiß our syn be to the pungityve,
 Oure deid ma nathing our synnys recompens. 30
 Haif *mercy*, lord, we ma not with the stryve :
 preserve ws, &c.

Haif *mercy*, lord, haif *mercy*, hevynis king !
 Haif *mercy* of thy pepill penetent ;
 Haif *mercy* of our petouß punissing ; 35
 retreit the sentence of thy Iust Iugement
 Aganis ws synnaris, that servis to be schent :
 F. 25 a. *Wit*hout *mercy*, we ma mak no defens.
 Thow that, but rewth, vpoun the rude was rent,
 preserve ws frome this *per*rellus pestilens. 40

Remember,¹ lord, how deir thow hes ws bocht,
 That for ws synnaris sched thy pretius blude,
 Now to redeme that thow hes maid of nocht,
 That is of vertew barrane and denude ;

¹ MS. 'Remmember.'

[BANNATYNE

Haif rewth, lord, of thyne awin symilitude,¹ 45
 Puneiß with pety and nocht *witʰ* violens :
 We knaw it is for our Ingratitude,
 that we ar pvneist *witʰ* this pestilens.

Thow grant ws grace for till amend our miß,
 and till evaid this crewall suddane deid ; 50
 we knaw our syn is all the cause of thiß,
 for oppin syn thair is set no remeid ;
 The Iustice of god mon pvneiße than bot dreid ;
 for by the law he will *witʰ* non dispens :
 quhair Iustice laikis, thair is eternall feid 55
 of god that sowld preserf fra pestilens.

Bot wald the heiddismen, that sowld keip the law,
 pvneiße the peple for thair transgressioun,
 Thair wald na deid the peple than owrthraw ;
 bot thay ar gevin so planely till oppressioun, 60
 That god will *nocht* heir thair intercessioun ;
 bot all ar pvneist for thair Innobediens,
 be sword or deid, *witʰ*owttin remissioun,
 and hes Iust cause to send ws pestilens.

Superne, lucerne, guberne this pestilens, 65
 preserve and serve that we not sterve thairin ;
 declyne that pyne, be thy devyne prudens ;
 O trewth, haif rewth, lat not our slewth ws twin ;
 oursyt, full tyt, wer we contryt, wald blin ;
 Dissiver, did never, quha evir the besocht ; 70
 F. 25 b. send grace, *witʰ* space, and us Imbrace fra syn ;
 Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht.

¹ MS. synilitude.

BANNATYNE]

O prince preclair, this cair cotidiane,
 We the exhort, distort it in exyle ;
 Bot thow remeid, This deid is bot ane trane 75
 for to dissaif the laif, and thame begyle ;
 Bot thow, sa vyiß, devyiß to mend this byle.
 of this mischeif, quha ma releif ws ocht ?
 for wrangus win, bot thow our syn oursyll :
 Lat noch^t be tynt, &c. 80

Sen for our vyce, that Iustyce mon correct,
 O king, most hie, now pacifie thy feid :
 Our syn is huge, Refuge we not suspect,
 As thow art Iuge, deluge ws of this dreid ;
 In tyme assent, or we be schent with deid, 85
 We ws repent and tyme mispent forthocht ;
 Thairfoir, evirmoir be gloir to thy godheid :
 Lat noch^t be tynt that thow sa deir hes bocht.

Finis [*quod* Henrysone¹].

¹ Added in a later hand.

THE WANT OF WYSE MEN

[THE WANT OF WYSE MEN.]

A.

CHEPMAN & MYLLAR.]

F. 83 *b*. ME ferlyis of this grete confusiozn ;
 I wald sum clerk of connyng walde declerde,
 Quhat gerris this warld be turnyt vp so doun.
 Thare is na faithfull fastnes founde in erd ;
 Now ar noucht thre may traistly trow the ferde ; 5
 Welth is away, and wit is worthin wrynkis ;
 Now sele is sorow, this is a wofull werde,
 Sen want of wyse men makis fulis to sit on binkis.

That tyme quhen leuit the ¹ king Saturnus,
 For gudely gouuernance this warld was goldin cald ; 10
 For vntreuth we wate noucht quhare to it turnis ;
 The tyme that Octauiane, the monarch, coud hald,
 Our all was pes, wele set as hertis wald :
 Than regnyt reule, & resone held his rynkis ;
 Now lakkis prudence, nobilitee is thralde, 15
 Sen want of wyse men makis fulis to sitt on bynkis.

Arestotill for his moralitee,
 Austyn, or ambrose, for dyvine scripture,
 Quha can placebo, & noucht half dirige,
 That practik for to pike & pill the pure, 20
 He sall cum in, and thay stand at the dure ;

F. 84 *a*. For worldly wyn ² sik walkis, quhen wysar wynkis ;
 Wit takis na worschip, sik is the auenture,
 Sen want of wysemen makis fulis to sitt on binkis.

¹ *Orig.* 'quhen the lovit.'

² See B, p. 172.

[CHEPMAN & MYLLAR

Now, but defense, *rycht* lyis all desolate, 25
Rycht, na resone vnder na rufe has rest ;
 youth his but raddour, & age is obystynate,
Mycht but mercy, the pore ar all opprest.
 Lerit folk suld tech the peple of the best,
 Thouch lare be lytil, ferlesse¹ in tham sinkis : 30
 It may noucht be this warld ay thus suld lest,
 That want of wyse men makis fulis sitt on binkis.

For now is exilde all ald noble corage,
 Lautee, lufe, and liberalitee ;
 Now is stabilitee fundyn in na stage, 35
 Nor degest connselle wyth sad maturitee ;
 Peas is away, all in perplexitee ;
 Prudence and policy ar banyst our al brinkis :
 This warld is ver, sa may it callit be,
 That want of visemen makis fulis sitt on bynkis. 40

Quhare is the balance of iust & equitee ?
 Nothir meryt is preisit, na punyst is trespass ;
 All ledis lyvis lawles at libertee,
 Noucht reulit be reson, mare than ox or asse ;
 Gude faith is flemyt, vvorthin fraellar than glas ; 45
 Trevv lufe is lorne, & lautee haldis no lynkis ;
 Sik gouuernance I call noucht vvorth a fasse,
 Sen vvant of vvise men makis fulis sitt on binkis.

O lord of lordis, god & gouuernour,
 Makar & movar, bath of mare & lesse, 50
 F. 84 b. Quhais power, wisedome, & honoure,
 Is infynite, salbe, & ewir wes,²
 As in the principall menciozn of the messe,
 All thir sayd thingis reforme as thou best thinkis ;
 Quhilk ar degradit, for pure pitee redresse, 55
 Sen want of wise [men] makis [fulis] sit in binkis.

¹ 'lfe lesse.'² *Orig.* 'ewir was wes.' Cf. p. 174, l. 68.

B.

BANNATYNE]

F. 78 a. **M**E *mervellis* of this grit confusioun ;
 I wald sum cunnand clerk of clergy wald declard,
 Quhat garris this warld be turnit vpsyd doun.
 Thair is *nocht* faithfulness fundin in to this erd ;
 Now is *nocht* thre may trestly trow in þe ferd ; 5
 Welth is away, wit is now wrochtin to wrinkis ;
 No seill is sover now, this is a wofull werd ;
 The want of wysemen garris fulis sit on binkis.

As bukis beiris witnes, quhen leuit king saturnus,
 For gudly gouernance the warld was goldin cald ; 10
 Nou ellis we wat, forsuth, quhithir it turnis ;
 The quhilk octauiane, the monarch,¹ culd hald,
 our all wes peax, als weill sett as menis hairtis wald :
 Thair ringnit gud rewill, and reasone held þair rinkis ;
 Nou l[a]ykis nobilite, prudens now is thrald, 15
 And want of wysemen garis fulis sit on binkis.

Aristotill for all his grit moralite,
 augustyne, or ambroß, for all thair devyne scripture,
 quha can placebo, and *nocht* to haif derige,
 With *prectik* for to pyk and peill full bair the pure, 20
 he sall cum in sone, quhen þat thay stand at the dure ;
 For warldly wonyng sic walkis, quhen wysar winkis ;
 Wit takis na wirschip, sa is now the aventure,
 That want of wysemen garris fulis sit on binkis.

¹ M.S. 'man riche.' Cf. p. 170.

[BANNATYNE

Lord, quhiddir ar exylit all noble curagis, 25
 Lawty, luve, *witʰ* kyndnes and liberalitie?
 No thing is fundin now stable in no stagis,
 Na degest counsale availis *witʰ* moralite ;
 peax is away, flemit is all proplexite ;
 prudens and wisdoms ar baneist our all brinkis : 30
 The world's war may seyme weill callit to be,
 Sen want of wysemen makis fulis sit on binkis .

Weir but defenß, *rycht* lyis all desolat,
rycht and ressonne vndir no rufe haß ony rest ;
 growth is but reddour, and ege is obstinat, 35
mycht but *mercy*, the pure folkis ar all ourprest.
 lernit men suld teche the peple of the best,
 Thoucht lair be littill, 3it ferles in tham sinkis :
 It may *nocht* be this world sall euir thus lest,
 That want of, &c. 40

Quhair is the balme¹ of Iustice, evin equite?
 no mirreit is *present*, nor pvneist is trespass ;
 all leidis now levis lawles at liberte,
 non rewlis by ressonne, no moir nor one asß :
 gud fayth is flemit, worthin frewollar than glaß ; 45
 Trew luve is lost, and lawty haldis no linkis ;
 our *gouvernante* *nocht* keipis gud rewl nor *compaß*,
 For want of wysmen, &c.

F. 78 b. ² now wrang hes warrane, and law is bot wilfulneß ;
 quha hes the war Is worthin on him all the wyte, 50
 For trewth is tressoun, and faith is fals fekilneß ;
 Gylle is now gyd, and vane lust is also delyte ;

¹ Cf. p. 171.² This stanza and the following are found only in B.

BANNATYNE]

Kirk is cōtempnit, thay compt nocht cursing a myte ;
 Grit god is grevit, That me rycht soir forthinkis :
 The cauß of this ony man may sone wit, 55
 That want of wysmen~~en~~ garis fulis sit on binkis.

Lue¹ hes tane leif, and wirschip hes no vdir wane ;
 witz passing pouerty pryd is Importable ;
 Vyce is bot vertew, wit is witz will soir ourgane ;
 as lairdis so laddis, daly chengeable ; 60
 but ryme or ressonne all Is bot heble hable ;
 Sic sturtfull stering in to godis neiß it stinkis ;
 Bot he haif rew, all is vnremedable,
 For want of, &c.

O Lord of lordis, grit gyd and als gouirmour, 65
 Makar and movar, bayt~~h~~ of mair and also leß,
 quhais power, wisdom, gudnes, and he honour,
 Is infinit, now, salbe, and evir weß,
 as thy evangell planely dois expreß,²
 all thir said faltis reforme as thow best thinkis ; 70
 as it is deformit, for pure pety redreß,³
 That witzout fulis may wysemen~~en~~ sit on binkis.

Finis.

¹ MS. very indistinct.² Cf. p. 171.³ MS. 'pety to redreß.'

APPENDIX

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

(THYNNE'S TEXT, 1532)

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

(THYNNE'S TEXT, 1532.)

ADOLY season tyl a careful dyte
Shulde coresponde, & be equiuolent.
Ryȝt so it was whan I began to write
This tragedy; the weder right feruent,
Whan Aries, in myddes of the lent, 5
Showres of hayle can fro the northe discende,
That scantly fro the colde I myȝt me defende.

yet, neuertheles, within myne orature
I stode, whan Tytan had his beames bright
Withdrawen downe, and scyled vnder cure, 10
And fayre Venus, the beautie of the nyght,
Uprayse, and sette vnto the west ful right
Her golden face, in opposytiowne
Of god Phebus, directe discendyng downe.

Throughout the glasse her bemes brast so fayre 15
That I myȝt se on euery syde me by
The northern wynde had purifyed the ayre,
And shedde his mysty cloudes fro the skye;
The frost fresed, the blastes bytterly
Fro poole Artike come whiskeyng¹ loude & shy, 20
And caused me remoue ayenst my wyl.

¹ See p. 3.

THYNNE]

For I trusted that Venus, loues quene,
To whom somtyme I hyght obedience,
My faded herte of loue she wolde make grene ;
And thervpon, with humble reuerence, 25
I thought to pray her hye magnificence ;
But for great colde as than I letted was,
And in my chambre to the fyre can pas.

Though loue be hote, yet in a man of age
It kyndleth nat so soone as in youthheed, 30
Of whom the blode is flowyng in a rage,
And in the olde the corage dul and deed,
Of whiche the fyre outwarde is best remeed :
To helpe by phisyke wher that nature fayled,
I am experte—for bothe I haue assayled. 35

I made the fyre, and beaked me about,
Than toke I drinke my spirites to conforte,
And armed me wel fro the colde therout :
To cutte the wynter nyght, and make it shorte,
I toke a queare, and lefte al other sporte, 40
Written by worthy Chaucer glorious,
Of fayre Creseyde and lusty Troylus.

And there I founde, after that Dyomede
Receyued had that lady bright of hewe,
Howe Troylus nere out of his wytte abrede, 45
And wepte sore, with visage pale of hewe ;
For whiche wanhope his teares gan renewe,
Whyle esperous reioysed hym agayne :
Thus while in ioye he lyued, & while in payne.

[THYNNE

Of her behest he had great comfortyng, 50
 Trustyng to Troy that she wolde make retour,
 Whiche he desyred most of al erthly thyng,
 For why she was his onely paramour ;
 But whan he sawe passed bothe day & hour
 Of her gayncome, in sorowe can oppresse 55
 His woful herte in care and heuynesse.

Of his distresse me nedeth nat reherse,
 For worthy Chaucer, in that same boke,
 In goodly termes, and in ioly verse,
 Compyled hath his cares, who wyl loke. 60
 To breke my slepe another queare I toke,
 In whiche I founde the fatal desteny
 Of fayre Creseyde, whiche ended wretchedly.

Who wot if al that Chaucer wrate was trewe ?
 Nor I wotte nat if this narration 65
 Be authorysed, or forged of the newe,
 Of some poete, by his inuention
 Made to reporte the lamentation
 And woful ende of this lusty Creseyde,
 And what distresse she was in or she deyde. 70

Whan Diomede had al his appetyte,
 And more, fulfilled of this fayre lady,
 Upon another sette was al his delyte,
 And sende to her a lybel repudy,
 And her excluded fro his company. 75
 Than desolate she walked vp and downe,
 As, some men sayne, in the courte as commune.

THYNNE]

O, fayre Creseyde ! the floure and a per se
 Of Troy & Grece, how were thou fortunate !
 To chaunge in fylthe al thy femynite, 80
 And be with fleshly luste so maculate,
 And go among the grekes early and late,
 So gyglotlyke, takyng thy foule plesaunce !
 I haue pyte the shulde fal suche myschaunce.

Yet, neuerthelesse, what euer men deme or say 85
 In scornful langage of thy brutelnesse,
 I shal excuse, as ferforth as I may,
 Thy womanhed, thy wisdom, and fairnesse :
 The whiche fortune hath put to such dystresse
 As her pleased, & nothyng through the gylte 90
 Of the, through wicked langage to be spylte.

This fayre lady, on this wyse destytute
 Of al comforte and consolation,
 Right priuely, without felowship, or refute,¹
 Dissheuelde passed out of the town 95
 A myle or two, vnto a mansyoun,
 Bylded ful gay, where her father Calcas
 Whiche than among the grekes dwellyng was.

Whan he her sawe, the cause he can enqyre
 Of her *commyn*g ; she said, sighyng ful sore, 100
 ‘Fro Diomedes had gotten his desyre
 He woxe wery, and wolde of me no more.’
Quod Calcas, ‘doughter, wepe thou nat therfore ;
 Paraenture al cometh for the best :
 Welcome to me, thou arte ful dere a gest.’ 105

¹ See p. 6.

[THYNNE

This olde Calcas, after the lawe was tho,
 Was keper of the temple, as a preest,
 In whiche Venus and her sonne Cupido
 Were honoured, and his chambre was nest,
 To whiche Creseyde with bale enewed in brest 110
 Used to passe, her prayers for to say ;
 Whyle at the laste, vpon a solemne day,

As custome was, the people ferre and nere,
 Before the noone, vnto the temple went
 With sacrifice, deuout in their manere. 115
 But styl Creseyde, heuy in her entent,
 In to the churche wolde nat her selfe present,
 For gyuing of the people any demyng
 Of her expulse fro Diomedes the kyng ;

But passed in to a secrete oratore 120
 Where she myght wepe her woful desteny.
 Behynde her backe she closed fast the dore,
 And on her knees bare fel downe in hye ;
 Upon Venus and Cupyde angerly
 She cryed out, and sayd in this wyse : 125
 ‘Alas ! that euer I made you sacrifice.

‘Ye gaue me ones a diuine responsayle
 That I shulde be the flour of loue in Troy ;
 Nowe am I made an vnworthy outwayle,
 And al in care translated is my ioye. 130
 Who shal me gyde ? who shal me nowe conuoy,
 Sithe I fro Diomedes, and noble Troylus,
 Am clene excluded, as abiecte odyous ?

THYNNE]

'O false Cupyde, none is to wyte but thou,
 And thy mother, of loue that blynde goddace! 135
 ye caused me vnderstande alway and trowe
 The seede of loue was sownen on my face,
 And ay grewe grene through your soule [and] grace.
 But now, alas, that seede with frost is slayne,
 And I fro louers lefte, and al forlayne.' 140

Whan this was sayd, downe in an extasy,
 Rauysshed in spirte, in a dreame she fel,
 And by apparaunce herde, where she dyd lye,
 Cupyde the kynge tynkyng a syluer bel,
 Whiche men myght here fro heuen in to hel; 145
 At whose sounde before Cupyde aperes
 The seuen planets, discendyng fro their speres,

Whiche hath power of al thyng generable
 To rule and sterve by their great influence,
 Weder and wynde, and course variable. 150
 And first of al, Saturne gaue his sentence,
 Whiche gaue to Cupide lytel reuerence,
 But, as a boystous churle in his manere,
 Come crabbedly, with austryne loke & chere.

His face frounsed, his lere was lyke the leed; 155
 His teth chattred and sheuered with the chyn;
 His eyen drouped, hole sonken in his heed;
 Out at his nose the myldrop fast gan ryn;
 With lyppes blo, and chekes leane and thyn;
 The yse yckels that fro his heer downe honge 160
 Was wonder great, and as a speare as longe.

[THYNNE

stop.

Attour his belte his lyarte lockes lay
 Feltred vnfayre, ouerfret with frostes hoore ;
 His garment and his gate¹ ful² gay of gray ;
 His wyddred wede fro ~~him~~ the wynde out wore ; 165
 A boustous bowe within his honde he bor ;
 Under his gyrdel a fasshe of felone flayns,
 Feddred with yse, and heeded with holstayns.

Than Iupiter right fayre and amyable,
 God of the sterres in the fyrmament, 170
 And norice to al thyng generable,
 Fro his father Saturne farre different,
 With burly face, and browes bright & brent,
 Upon his heed a garlonde, wonders gay,
 Of floures fayre, as it had ben in May. 175

His voice was clere ; as christal was his eyen ;
 As golden wyer so glyttryng was his heare ;
 His garment and his gyte¹ ful gay of grene,
 With golden lystes gylte on euery geare ;
 A burly brande aboute his myddle he beare ; 180
 In his right hande he had a grounden spere,
 Of his father the wrathe fro vs to bere.

Nexste after him came Mars, the god of yre,
 Of stryfe, debate, and al discentioun,
 To chide and fyght, as feirse as any fyre ; 185
 In harde harnesse, hewmonde, and habergioun ;
 And on his haunch a rousty fel fauchoun ;
 And in his hande he had a rousty sworde ;
 Writhyng his face with many angry worde.

¹ Cf. p. 9.² Orig. 'fal.'

THYNNE]

Shakyng his brande, before Cupide he come 190
 With reed visage & grisely glōwyng eyen ;
 And at his mouthe a blubber stode of fome,
 Lyke to a boore whettyng his tuskes keyn,
 Right tulsure lyke, but temperaunce in tene ;
 An horne blewe with many boustous bragge, 195
 Which al this worlde *wit* warre hath made to wagge.

Than faire Phebus, lanterne & lampe of light
 Of man & beest, bothe frute and florissyng,
 Tender norice, and banyssher of nyght,
 And of the worlde causyng by his mouyng 200
 And influence lyfe in al erthly thyng,
 Without comforte of whom, of force to nouȝt
 Must go dye that al this worlde hath wrouȝt.

As kyng royal he rode vpon a chare,
 The whiche Phiton somtyme gyded vnright ; 205
 The brightnesse of his face, whan it was bare,
 None myght beholde for persyng of his sight :
 This golden carte with fryr beames bright
 Foure yoked stedes ful different of hewe,
 But bayte or tyng, through the speres drewe. 210

The first was sorde,¹ *wit* mane as reed as rose,
 Called Eoye in to the orient ;
 The seconde stede to name hight Ethiose,
 Whitely and pale, and somdele ascendent ;
 The thirde Perose, right hote and eke feruent ; 215
 The fourth was blacke, called Philologie,²
 Whiche rolleth Phebus downe in to the see.

¹ See p. 10.² See p. 10, *note*.

[THYNNE

Venus was there present, that goddes gay,
Her sonnes quarel to defende, and make
His owne complaynt, cladde in a nyce aray, 220
The one halfe grene, thother halfe sable blake ;
White heer as golde, kembet and shed a bake ;
But in her face semed great variaunce,
While parfite truth, and whiles inconstaunce.

Under smylyng she was dissymulate, 225
Prouocatyue with blynkes amorous,
And sodaynly chaunged and alterate,
Angry as any serpent venomous,
Right pungityue with wordes odious :
Thus variaunt she was, who lyste take kepe, 230
With one eye laugh, and with the other wepe.

In tokenyng that al flesshly paramour
Whiche Venus hath in rule and gouernaunce,
Is somtyme swete, somtyme bytter & sour,
Right vnstable, and ful of variaunce, 235
Mynged with careful ioye and false plesaunce,
Nowe hote, now colde, now blyth, now ful of wo,
Now grene as lefe, now wyddred & ago.

With boke in hande than come Mercurious,
Right eloquent and ful of rethorye, 240
With polyte termes and delycious,
With penne and ynke to reporte al redy,
Settyng songes and syngyng merely ;
His hode was reed, hecled attour his crowne,
Lyke tyl a poete of the olde fasyowne. 245

THYNNE]

Boxes he bare with fyne electuares,
 And sugred syropes for digestion,
 Spycles belongyng to the potiquares,
 With many hol[s]ome swete confection,
 Docter in phisyke cledde in a scarlet gown, 250
 And furred wele, as suche one ought to be,
 Honest and good, and nat a worde couth lye.

Nexste after him come lady Synthia,
 The laste of al, and swiftest in her spere,
 Of colour blake, busked with hornes twa, 255
 And in the nyght she lysteth best tapere ;
 Hawe as the leed, of colour nothyng clere ;
 For al the lyght she boroweth at her brother
 Tytan, for of her selfe she hath none other.

Her gyte was gray, and ful of spottes blake ; 260
 And on her brest a chorle paynted ful euen,
 Bearyng a busshe of thornes on his bake,
 Which for his theft miȝt clyme no ner the heuen.
 Thus whan they gadred were the¹ goddes seuen,
 Mercurius they chosed with one assent 265
 To be forespeker in the parlyment.

Who had ben there, and lykyng for to here
 His faconde tonge and termes exquisyte,
 Of rethorike the practyke he might lere,
 In brefe sermon a preignant sentence write : 270
 Before Cupide valyng his cappe a lyte,
 Sper is the cause of that vacatioun.
 And he anon shewde his ententioun.

¹ Cf. p. 12. The word is contracted in Thynne's text.

[THYNNE

'Lo, (*quod* Cupide) who wol blasphemè the name
 Of his owne god, eyther in worde or dede, 275
 To al goddes he dothe bothe losse and shame,
 And shulde haue bytter paynes to his mede :
 I saye this by yonder wretche Creseyde,
 The which through me was somtyme flour of loue,
 Me & my mother she stately can reproue ; 280

'Sayeng of her great infelycite
 I was the cause, and my mother Venus,
 She called a blynde goddes, and myght nat se,
 With sclaunder and defame iniurious :
 Thus her lyueng vncleue and lecherous 285
 She wolde retorte in me and my mother,
 To whom I shewde my grace aboue al other.

'And sithe ye are al seuen deefycate,
 Participant of diuynè sapyence,
 This great iniure done to our hye estate 290
 Me thinke *with* payne we shulde make recompence ;
 Was neuer to goddes done suche violence.
 As wel for you, as for my selfe I say ;
 Therfore go helpe to reuenge I you pray.'

Mercurius to Cupide gaue answere 295
 And sayd, 'sir kyng, my counsayle is that ye
 Referre you to the hyst planet here,
 And take to him the lowest of degree,
 The payne of Creseyde for to modifye :
 As god Saturne, with him take Synthia.' 300
 'I am content (*quod* he) to take they twa.'

THYNNE]

Than thus proceded Saturne & the Moone,
 Whan they the mater ripely had degest,
 For the dispite to Cupide that she had done,
 And to Venus open and manyfest, 305
 In al her lyfe with payne to be opprest,
 And tourment sore, with sicknesse incurable,
 And to al louers be abhomynable.

This doleful sentence Saturne toke on hande,
 And passed downe wher careful Creseyd lay, 310
 And on her heed he layde a frosty wande ;
 Than lafully on his wyse can he say :
 'Thy great fairnesse, and al thy beauty gay,
 Thy wanton blode, and eke thy golden heere,
 Here I exclude fro the for euermeere. 315

'I chaunge thy myrthe in to melancoly,
 Whiche is the mother of al pensyuenesse ;
 Thy moyster and thy hete in to colde & dry ;
 Thyne insolence, thy play, & thy wantonnesse
 To great disease ; thy pompe and thy richesse 320
 In to mortal nede ; and great penurite
 Thou suffre shalte ; and as a beggar dye.'

O crewel Saturne ! frowarde and angry,
 Harde is thy dome, and to malycious :
 Of faire Creseyde why haste thou no mercy, 325
 Whiche was so swete, gentyl, and amorous ?
 Withdrawe thy sentence, and be gracious
 As thou were neuer ; so sheweth through thy dede,
 A wrekeful sentence gyuen on Creseyde.

[THYNNE

Than Synthia, whan Saturne past away, 330
 Out of her seate discended downe belyue,
 And reed a byl on Creseyde where she lay,
 Contaynyng this sentence diffynityue :
 'Fro heale of body here I the depryue,
 And to thy syckenesse shalbe no recure, 335
 But in dolour thy dayes to endure.

'Thy christal eyen menged with blode I make ;
 Thy voice so clere, vnpleasunt, heer, and hace ;
 Thy lusty lere ouerspred with spottes blake,
 And lumpes hawe appering in thy face ; 340
 Where thou comest, eche man shal flye the place ;
 Thus shalte thou go beggyng fro house to hous,
 With cuppe and clapper lyke a lazarous.'

/ This dooly dreame, this vgly visyoun |
 Brought tyl an ende, Creseyd fro it awoke, | 345
 And al that courte and conuocatioun
 Vanysshed away ; than rose she vp and toke
 A polysshed glasse, & her shadowe couth loke ;
 And whan she sawe her visage so deformate,
 If she in hert were wo I ne wyte, god wate ! 350

Wepying ful sore, 'lo, what it is (quod she)
 With frowarde langage to moue & stere
 Our crabbed goddes, and so is sene on me !
 My blasphemying now haue I bouȝt ful dere ;
 Al erthly ioye and myrthe I sette arere. 355
 Alas, this day ! alas, this woful tyde !
 Whan I began with my goddes to chyde.'

THYNNE]

Be this was sayd, a childe came fro the hal,
 To warne Creseyde the supper was redy ;
 First knocked at the dore, and eftē couth cal, 360
 'Madame, your father byddeth you come in hye,
 He hath marueyle so long on groufe ye lye,
 And sayth, your beedes bethe to longe somdele,
 The goddes wote al your entente ful wele.'

Quod she, 'fayre chylde, go to my father dere 365
 And pray him come to speke with me anone.'
 And so he dyd, and sayd, 'daughter, what chere?'
 'Alas (quod she), father, my myrthe is gone.'
 'Howe so? (quod he)' and she can al expone,
 As I haue tolde, the vengeaunce & the wrake, 370
 For her trespas, Cupide on her couth take.

He loked on her vgly lepers face,
 The whiche before was white as lely flour ;
 Wringyng his handes, oftymes sayd, alace,
 That he had lyued to se that woful hour ; 375
 For he knewe wel that there was no socour
 To her sycknesse, and that doubled his payne ;
 Thus was ther care ynow betwix hem twayne.

Whan they togider mourned had ful lang,
 Quod Creseyde, 'father, I wolde nat be kende ; 380
 Therfore in secrete wyse ye lette me gange
 To yon hospital at the townes ende ;
 And thider some meate for charite me sende,
 To lyue vpon ; for al myrthe in this erthe
 Is fro me gone—suche is my wicked werthe.' 385

[THYNNE

Whan¹ in a mantel and a Beuer hat,
 With cuppe and clapper, wonder priuely
 He opened a secrete gate, and out therat
 Conueyed her, that no man shulde espy,
 There to a vyllage halfe a myle therby ; 390
 Delyuered her in at the spyttel house,
 And dayly sende her parte of his almous.

Some knewe her wel, and some had no knowlege |
 Of her, bicause she was so deformate
 With byles blake ouerspred in her visage, 395
 And her fayre colour faded and alterate.
 Yet they presumed, for her hye regrate,
 And styl mournyng, she was of noble kynne :
 With better wyl there they toke her inne.

The day passed, and Phebus went to rest, 400
 The cloudes blake ouerheled al the skye :
 God wote if Creseyde were a sorouful gest,
 Seyng that vncouth fare and herborye !
 But meate or drinke she dressed her to lye
 In a derke corner of the house alone ; 405
 And on this wyse, weping, she made her mone.

¶ Here foloweth the complaynt
 of Creseyde.

‘ ^{o, i, w}
 O SOPPE of sorowe, sonken in to care !
 O caytife Creseyde ! nowe & euermare
 Gone is thy ioye, and al thy myrth in erthe ;
 Of al blythnesse now arte thou blake & bare ; 410
 There is no salue maye helpe thy sare.
 Fel is thy fortune, wicked is thy werthe ;
 Thy blysse is banysshed, and thy bale vnberd ;
 Under the great god if I grauen ware,
 Wher men of Grece ne yet of Troy miȝt herd. 415

¹ See p. 17.

THYNNE]

'Where is thy chambre wantonly be sene,
 With burly bedde and bankers brouded bene,
 Spices and wyne to thy colatioun,
 The cuppes al of golde and syluer shene,
 Thy swete meates, serued in plates clene, 420
 With sauery sauce of a good facioun,
 Thy gay garmentes with many goodly gown,
 Thy plesaunt laune pynned with golden pene?
 Al is arere, thy great royal renoun.

'Where is thy gardeyn with thy greces gay, 425
 And fresshe floures, whiche the quene Floray
 Had paynted plesauntly in euery pane,
 Where thou were wonte ful merily in May
 To walke and take the dewe be it was day,
 And here the merle and mauyse many one, 430
 With ladies fayre in carollyng to gone,
 And se the royal renkes in their ray?¹

'This leper loge take for thy goodly bour,
 And for thy bedde take nowe a bonch of stro;
 For wayled wyne and meates thou had tho, 435
 Take mouled breed, pirate,² and syder sour:
 But cuppe and clapper, nowe is al ago.

'My clere voice, and my courtly carollyng,
 Is ranke as roke, ful hidous, heer, and hace;
 Deformed is the fygure of my face— 440
 To loke on it no people³ hath lykyng;
 Solped in syght, I say with sore sighyng,
 Lyeng among the leper folke, alas!

¹ For the lines omitted see Charteris, pp. 18 *et seq.*, and the Comparative Table in the Prefatory Note.

² See p. 18.

³ *Orig.* 'pleople.'

[THYNNE

'O ladies fayre of Troy and Grece attende
 My freyle fortune, myne infelycite, 445
 My great myschefe, which no man can amende,
 And in your mynde a myrrour make of me ;
 As I am now, paraenture that ye,
 For al your myght, may come to the same ende,
 Or els worse, if any worse may be ; 450
 Beware, therfore, approches nere your ende.

'Nought is your fairnesse but a fadyng flour,
 Nought is your famous laude & hye honour,
 But wynde inflate in other mennes eares ;
 Your rosyng reed to rotyng shal retour. 455
 Example make of me in your memore,
 Whiche of such thinges woful wytnesse beares,
 Al welth in erthe as wynde away it weares ;
 Beware, therfore, approacheth nere your hour.'

Thus chidyng with her drery desteny, 460
 Wepying, she woke the nyght fro ende to ende ;
 But al in vayne ; her dole, her careful cry,
 Might nat remedy, ne yet her mourning mende.
 A leper lady rose, and to her wende,
 And sayd, 'why spurnes thou agayne the wal, 465
 To slee thy selfe, and mende nothyng at al ?

'Sithe that thy wepyng but doubleth thy wo,
 I counsayle the make vertue of a nede ;
 Go lerne to clappe thy clapper to and fro,
 And lerne after the lawe of lepers lede.' 470
 Ther was no bote, but forth with tham she yede,
 Fro place to place, while colde & hunger sore
 Compelled her to be a ranke beggore.

THYNNE]

That same tyme of Troy the garnysoun,
 Whiche had the cheifstayne worthy Troylus, 475
 Through ieopdy of warre had stryken down
 Knyghtes of Grece in nombre marueylous :
 With great tryumphe and laude victorious
 Agayne to Troy right royally they rode,
 The way where Creseyde with the leper stode. 480

Seyng that company, come al with o steuyn ;
 They gaue a crye, & shoke cuppes good spede ;
 ' Worthy lordes, for goddes loue of heuyn,
 To vs leper parte of your almesse dede.'
 Than to her crye noble Troylus toke hede, 485
 Hauyng pyte, nere by the place gan pas
 Wher Creseyde sat, nat wetyng what she was.

Than vpon him she kest vp bothe her eyen,
 And with a blynke it come in tyl his thought
 That he somtyme her face before had seyn ; 490
 But she was *in* suche plyte he knewe her nouȝt ;
 Yet than her loke in to his mynde he brought
 The swete vysage and amorous blenkyng
 Of fayre Creseyde, somtyme his owne derlyng.

No wonder was, suppose in mynde that he 495
 Toke her fygure so soone, and lo ! nowe why ?
 The ydol of a thyng in case may be
 So depe enprynted in the fantasy,
 That it deludeth the wyttes outwardly,
 And so appereth in forme and lyke estate 500
 Within¹ the mynde as it was fygurate.

¹ *Orig.* 'with in.'

[THYNNE

A sparke of loue than tyl his hert couth spring,
 And kyndeled his body in a fyre,
 With hote feuer in swette and trymblyng
 Him toke, whyle he was redy to exspire ; 505
 To beare his shyld his brest begon to tyre ;
 Within a whyle he chaunged many a hewe,
 And, neuertheles, nat one another knewe.

For knightly pyte and memoriel
 Of fayre Creseyde, a gyrdel gan he take, 510
 A purse of golde, and many a gay iewel,
 And in the skyrte of Creseyde down can shake :
 Than rode away, and nat a worde he spake,
 Pensyfe in herte, while he came to the towne,
 And for great care oftsyth almost fel downe. 515

The lepre folke to Creseyde than couth drawe,
 To se the equal distrybutioun
 Of the almous ; but whan the golde they sawe,
 Eche one to other priuely can rown,
 And sayd, ' yon lorde hath more affectioun, 520
 Howe euer it be, vnto yon Lazarous
 Than to vs al ; we knowe by his almous.'

'What lorde is yon (*quod* she), haue ye no fele,
 That dothe to vs so great humanyte ?'
 'Yes (*quod* a lepre man), I knowe him wele ; 525
 Sir Troylus it is, a knyght gentyl and free.'
 Whan Creseyde vnderstode that it was he,
 Styffer than stele there sterte a bytter stounde
 Throughout her hert, & fyl down to the grounde.

THYNNE]

Whan she, ouercome with sighyng sore & sadde, 530
 With many a careful crye and colde 'atone !'
 Nowe is my brest with stormy stoundes stadde,
 Wrapped in wo, wretch fulwyl of one.¹
 Than fel in swoun ful ofte or she wolde fone,
 And euer in her swounyng cryed she thus : 535
 'O, false Creseyde ! & trewe knyght Troylus !

'Thy loue, thy laude, and al thy gentylnesse,
 I compted smal in my prosperite,
 So effated I was in wantonnesse,
 And clambe vpon the fyckel whele so hye ; 540
 Al faythe and loue, I promytte to the,
 Was in thy selfe fekel and furious :
 O, false Creseyde ! & trewe knight Troylus !

'For loue of me thou kepte countenaunce,
 Honest and chaste in conuersatioun, 545
 Of al women protectour and defence
 Thou were, and helped their opynioun :
 My mynde on fleshly foule affectioun
 Was enclyned to lustes lecherous :
 Fye, false Creseyde ! o, trewe knyght Troylus ! 550

'Louers, beware, and take good hede about
 Whom that ye loue, for whan ye suffre payne ;
 I lette you wytte, ther is² right fewe thurghout
 Whom ye may trust to haue trewe loue agayne ;
 Proue whan ye wol, your labour is in vayne ; 555
 Therefore, I rede ye take them as ye fynde,
 For they are sadde as wedercocke in wynde,

¹ See p. 22.² *Orig.* 'theris.'

[THYNNE

‘ Bycause I knowe the great vnstabilnesse,
 Brittel as glasse, vnto my selfe I say,
 Trustyng in other as great brutelnesse, 560
 As inconstaunt, and as vntrewe of faye ;
 Though some be true, I wot riȝt fewe ar they ;
 Who fyndeth truthe, lette him his lady ruse :
 None but my selfe, as nowe, I wol accuse.’

Whan this was sayd, with paper she sat down, | 565
 And in this maner made her testament :
 ‘ Here I bequeth my corse and caryoun
 With wormes and with toodes to be rent ;
 My cuppe, my clapper, and myne ornament,
 And al my golde, these leper folke shal haue, 570
 Whan I am deed, to bury me in graue.

‘ This royal ryng, sette with this Ruby reed,
 Whiche Troylus in dowry to me sende,
 To him agayne I leaue it whan I am deed,
 To make my careful dethe vnto him kende : 575
 Thus I conclude shortely, and make an ende ;
 My spirite I leaue to Diane, wher she dwelles,
 To walke with her in waste wodes & welles.

‘ O Diomedes ! thou hast both broche & belte,
 Whiche Troylus gaue me in tokenyng 580
 Of his trewe loue’—& with that worde she swelte ;
 And soone a leper man toke of the ryng,
 Than buryed her withouten taryeng :
 To Troylus forthwith the ryng he bare,
 And of Cresseyde the dethe he can declare. 585

THYNNE]

Whan he had herde her great infyrmite,
 Her legacy and lamentatioun,
 And howe she ended in suche pouerte,
 He swelt for wo, and fel downe in a swoun ;
 For sorowe his herte to brast was boun : 590
 Sigheng ful sadly, sayde, ' I can no more ;
 She was vntrewe, and wo is me therfore ! '

Some sayth he made a tombe of marble gray,
 And wrote her name and superscriptioun,
 And layde it on her graue, where as she lay, 595
 In golden letters,¹ contaynyng this reasoun :
 ' Lo, fayre ladyes, Creseyde of Troy the town,
 Somtyme compted the flour of woman heed,
 Under this stone, late leper, lyeth deed.'

Nowe, worthy women, in this balade shorte, 600
 Made for your worshyp and instruction,
 Of charyte I monysshē and exhorte,
 Mynge nat your loue with false disception ;
 Beare in your mynde this sore conclusyon
 Of fayre Creseyde, as I haue sayd before : 605
 Sithe she is deed, I speke of her no more.

¶ Thus endeth the pyteful and dolorous
 testament of fayre Creseyde.

¹ *Orig.* 'letters.'

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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